QVODLIBETS,

LATELY COME OVER FROM NEW BRITANIOLA, OLD NEWFOVND-LAND.

Epigrams and other ſmall parcels, both *Morall and Diuine.*

The firſt foure Bookes being the Authors owne: the reſt tranſlated out of that Excellent Epigrammatiſt, Mr. *Iohn Owen*, and other rare Authors.

With two Epiſtles of that excellently witie Doctor, *Francis Rablais*: Tranſlated out of his French at large.

All of them

Compoſed and done at *Harbor-Grace* in *Britaniola*, anciently called *Newfound-Land.*

By R. H.

Sometimes Gouernour of the Plantation there.

LONDON,
Printed by *Elizabeth All-de*, for *Roger Michell*, dwelling in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Bulls-head. 1628.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Kings most Excellent Maiestie, CHARLES, by Gods especiall mercy, King of *Great-Britaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*, *&c.* Emperour of South, and North *Virginia*, King of *Britaniola*, or *Newfound-land*, and the Iles adjacent, Father, Fauourer, and Furtherer of all his loyall Subjects right Honourable and worthie Plantations.

MAY it please your most Excellent Maiestie, this last right worthy attribute of yours (no way insinuated, but instly affixed to your more ancient stile) perswades these vnworthy papers to presume (with your gracious leaue and permission) to take the hardines to kisse your sacred hands; hoping of the like successe, that some vnripe eares of corne, brought by me from the cold Country of Newfound-land, *receiued from some honest, well-minded louers of that action, when they saw them: who with much affected ioy often beholding them, tooke much comfort in what they saw: but more, when they suppos'd it might be better'd, by industry, care, and honestie. These few bad vnripe Rimes of mine (comming from thence) are in all humility presented with the like intendiment to your Maiestie, to testifie that the Aire there is not so dull, or malevolent, but that if better wits were transplanted thither, neither the Summers heat would dilate them, nor the Winters cold benumme them; but that they might in full vigour flourish to good purpose. For if I now growne dull and aged, could doe somewhat, what will not sharper, younger, freer inuentions performe there? They would not walke as I here doe, with short turnes, leaning sometimes on others inuentions, skipping weakly from bough to bough; but with large walkes, with long, and strong flights. I suppose it not fit at this time (but attending the successe of this presumption) in some other larger manner to make knowne vnto your Maiestie, the inestimable riches of the* Seas *circuling that* Iland: *The hopefull improuements of the maine Land thereof. The more then probable, vnualuable hidden treasures therein: The infinite abundance of combustible fierie materials fit for such an imployment. It is*

only the Aire at this time I desire to dignifie, and that which is within that Horizon: *Yet is my proofe rather in hope of others, then in any attuated performance of mine owne. If your Maiestie will be pleased to giue credit to your meanest subiect, I may ingage my selfe on this asseueration, That not only in this vnprofitable (though not vnpleasant) Art, better wits would thriue there: but all other sollid learning would walke vprightly without conuulsions. I cannot but know, how almost all your Royall houres are taken vp in most Reall, serious, sollid imploiments: did I therefore imagine, that either your Maiestie could, or graciously would vouchsafe the reading of these; they would be found some mine owne, the rest, Translations. Meane and vnworthy though they are, yet because some of them were borne, and the rest did first speake* English, *in that Land whereof your gracious Maiestie is the right, and lawfull* Soueraigne, *and King, by ancient descent and primary possession, and being the first fruits of this kind, that euer visited this Land, out of that Dominion of yours; I thought it my duty, to present and to prostrate these with my selfe at your Royall feete: For what I haue mistakingly offended herein, or shall hereafter, I humbly beseech your Maiesties gracious, mercifull, generall, indulgence and pardon, vnfeinedly beseeching God to blesse your Maiesty with abounndance of all Earthly and Heauenly blessings. And that you may see an happy successe of all your Forraigne Plantations, especially of that of* Newfound-land, *I remaine*



Your Maiesties well meaning and loyall Subiect,

ROBERT HAYMAN.

My humble Muſe, deſires
likewiſe to kiſſe your ſacred hands.

FAire, Bright, Illuſtrious Day-ſtarre of our times!
Caſt a faire aſpect on my ſhort breath'd Rymes:
If theſe to kiſſe your hands, are found vnmeet,
I throw my ſelfe downe at your Royall feete.

Humbly kiſſeth your
ſacred hands, the
ſhort-breath'd Muſe of

ROBERT HAYMAN.

To my deare Friend and Fellow-Planter, Master Robert Hayman, who with Pen and Person prepares more roome for Christians in the Newfound-World.

WHilst worldlings most build Castles in the Aire,
Nibbling on baytes, like *Orpheus* and *Sems* heire:
You spend your time both with your Muse and hand,
To edifie our hopefull *Newfound-Land.*
To tame the rude, doth argue a braue spirit:
But to saue soules, are workes of greatest merit.
To plant and fish, from sloth you those perswade:
From errors these, to a more heauenly trade.
Thus whil'st but dorsse some raking slaues ingrose,
You digge new grounds, and roote vp Trees and Mosse.
You shew the meanes to cut off suites and strife;
Meanes for good men, to leade a pleasant life.
You search the Seas, and anchour with strong cables:
Which deeds you build on faith, as those on Babels.
Thus he who borrowed twice sweet *Orpheus* name,
Poore Cambriols Lord, addes to your rising fame.

Your true friend
William Vaughan.

To the Facetious Epigrammatist, my louing Kinsman, Mr. Robert Hayman, *who composed these quaint* Quodlibets *at* Harbor-grace, *in* Newsound-Land.

YOur modest lines begot in *Harbor-Grace*,
Doe *grace* that Harbor in old *Newfound-Land*,
Your witty lines the Muses doe imbrace.
Pernassus Nymphes admiring, murely stand,
Seeing such sweet flowers from that barren soyle;
As your neat *Quodlibets* which there did spring,
To *Ouens* Genius you haue giuen the stryle.
By your sweet Epigrams, you there did sing.
I would you had the grace with our great King,
To doe there your desires: A greater thing.

Your louing Kinsman,
Richard Spicer.

To the Louers of the Muſes, vpon theſe Quodlibets.

VVHy doe ſo many fondly dote vpon
Parnaſſus, Tempe, and that *Helicon*
Renowned by the *Greeks*? why praiſe they ſo
The *Muſes* haunting *Tiber*, *Thame*, and *Po*;
As if no other *Hill*, or *Grone*, or *Spring*,
Should yeeld ſuch *Raptures*, as theſe forth did bring?
Behold, e'en from theſe vncouth ſhores, among
Vnpeopled woods, and hills, theſe ſtraines were ſung:
And moſt of theirs they ſeeme to paralell,
Who boaſt to drinke of *Agamppe's* well.
Deſpaire not therefore, you that loue the Muſes,
If any Tyrant, you, or yours abuſes:
For theſe will follow you, and make you mirth,
Eu'n at the furtheſt Angles of the Earth,
And thoſe contentments which at home yee leeſe,
They ſhall reſtore you among Beaſts and Trees.

Yours, *George Wither.*

An Acroſtick-Sonnet. To his learned and welbeloued friend, Mr.

R ecreated with ſweet ſauours
O f thy various curious Labours,
B eautified with Arts trim Treaſures,
E x'lent for Poeticke-Meaſures;
R apt (I ſay) with ſo rare view,
T hanks (me thinks) at leaſt, was due.

H eere, I found ſuch fragrant flowers,
A s, beſt dreſt *Uranias* Bowers;
T elding Sents and Sights admired,
M eet, the Muſes Browes t'haue tyred:
A s, They (then) are, thus grac'd by Thee,
N euer, may They, Grace, deny Thee.

Ad eundem: Per eundem.

IF *Newfound-Land* yeeld ſuch commodities,
I'd thither trade, for ſo rare Marchandize.

Yours, *Iohn Vicars.*



Vpon this Anagram of my name, and the deuice of the West-Indian Guane.

IF some should meete this Beast vpon the way,
Would not their hearts-blood thrill for great affray?
Yet the West-Indian that best knowes his nature,
Says, there is not any more harmeleſſe Creature.
So though my lines haue much deformity,
Their end mine Anagram ſhall verifie.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *QVODLIBETS*, DONE AND COMPOSED BY THE AVTHOR himselfe.

1. *Of mine owne* Quodlibets.

THough my *best lines* no dainty things affords,
My worst haue in them some thing else then words.

2. *To my Readers.*

I kept these closely by me some few yeeres,
Restrained by my *knowledge*, and *my feares* :
I feare they are too shallow for the Schooles,
I know they are too deepe for shallow fooles,
Yet there are many of a middle breeding
May thinke them good : nay richly worth the reading.

3. *To the perpetuall renowne of our learned King* IAMES, *King of* Great Britaine, *&c. of famous memorie.*

Wales, *England*, *Scotland* long did disagree,
Yet like a threefoldcord accord in Thee,
Such a cord hardly breakes, being wisely twist :
These three combind, may the whole world resist.

4. *Old* Lelius *to his wise friend* Scipio.

Let vs sit downe and by the fiers light,
Let our discourse be without saucy spight,
Wee'll tell old tooth-lesse tales, which cannot bite,
Whilst yong Fooles to talke *Treason* take delight.

5. *Why God gines some Fooles riches, and some wise men none. To a discreet friend.*

Why fretst thou so, and art so sullen growne?

Thy neighbour Foole gets wealth, and thou getst none.
Wise, mercifull, and iust is God in it:
For he hath giuen him riches, and thee wit.
Alas poore Foole, if that he had no wealth,
He hath not wit to comfort his sad selfe.

6. *An old Apothecary made a new Doctor.*

Hee kill'd by others warrant formerly,
Hee kils now by his owne authority.

7. *God doth all in all.*

It's held, The Stars gouerne the works of Men:
It's likewise held, Wisemen may gouerne them:
I hold, God ouer-rules *Wise*, *Wayes*, and *Stars*:
It's *He* that humbleth, and its *He* preferres.

8. *A worldly Man will haue it by hooke or by crooke.*

If *wealth* I cannot *catch* with *Vertues hooke*,
I'le *haule* it to me, by my crafty *Crooke*.

9. *Thrifty Charity, to a nameless Friend.*

On this Text thou dost seaze, with griping hold,
Who giues the Poore, he shall receiue fourefold.
This Text thou dost some pretty roome afford,
Who giues the Poore, doth lend vnto the Lord:
But this hard Text doth goe against thy graine,
Giue cheerefully, looking for nought againe.

10. *Borrowing on Time, is worse then Bird-lime.*

As *Fowlers* vse to take their *Fowle* with *Lime*:
So *Vsurers* take borrowing *Fooles* with *Time*.
Great danger'tis, for *Birds*, *Bird-lime* to *touch*,
Not to keepe *Touch* with *Vsurers* it's as much.

11. *To a kinde Foole.*

Oft into *Bonds* for others thou hast runne,
But by those *Bonds*, thy selfe thou hast *vndone*.
No luggler euer show'd vs such a cast,
To be *vndone* by being bound so *fast*.
So Drunkards doe with a like lugling tricke,
By gulping others healths, themselues make sicke.

12. *Trauelling in* England.

The trauelling fashion of our Nation,
To pay without examination:

What our hard-rented Oasts may get thereby,
Is *Noble, Looſe, Braue, Prodigality.*

13. *A perſwaſion to Humilitie.*

As when the *Moone* after the *Sunne* doth goe,
She daily doth, fairer, and fuller growe;
But when that *She* doth goe before the *Sunne,*
Her light growes leſſe, and leſſe, till ſhe haue none:
So whilſt wee follow *God* in humble feare,
His *Grace* in vs, will beauteouſly appeare:
But if we goe before *God* in preſumption,
His *Grace* in vs will ſoone haue a conſumption.

14. *Why there are ſo few Hoſpitals built.*

Irus hath *Will,* but wants good *Meanes* to doe it.
Crœſus hath *Meanes*, but wants a *Will* vnto it.

15. *Lawyers profitable paſtime.*

Lawyers doe call *Plaintifes Defence*, their *Plea:*
It rather might be called *Lawyers Play.*

16. *The Polycie of the Whore of* Babylon.

As common *Queanes* haue ſeuerall quaint deuices,
To hooke all kind of men, by their intices:
So the ſpirituall *Whore* of *Babylon*
Hath ſeuerall ginnes to intrap euery one:
For *Villaines, Wantons,* eaſie Indulgences:
For *Zealous, Wiſe,* Angelicall pretences;
For *High-mindes, Spenders,* honor ſhe diſpences;
For *Women, Fooles,* fine ſhewes to pleaſe their ſences.

17. *To Bald-pate.*

Though I want yeeres, yet hoare I am through cares:
But *Whores* haue made thy head white, without haires.

18. *Worſe then naught.*

Thou art not worthy of a *Satyres* quill:
An *Epigram's* too ſhort to ſhew thine ill.

19. *Two filthy faſhions.*

Of all fond faſhions, that were worne by *Men,*
Theſe two (I hope) will ne'r be worne againe:
Great Codpiſt Doublets, and great Codpiſt britch,
At ſeuerall times worne both by meane and rich:
Theſe two had beene, had they beene worne together,

Like two *Fooles*, pointing, mocking each the other.

20. *Fooles are more masters of their wiues then wise men.*
Scarce a Paradoxe.

Wise men for shame mildly away will goe,
Fooles will stand stifly to't and haue it so:
Wise men for quietnesse will sometimes yeeld.
Though *Fooles* be beaten, they'll not quit the field.

22. *To a Pardon-Buyer.*

The *Pope* giues thee a sweeping Indulgence,
But thou must giue him good store of thy pence:
So my *Lord Mayor* giues spoones all guilded o're,
Receiues for each foure or fiue pounds therefore.

Euery Lord Maior of *London* doth yeerly giue a guilded spoon to most of his Company, & at a solemne Feast, each guest giues him 4. or 5. l. or more towards his charge.

22. *Worse then a Whore.*

Our common *Whores* turne *Roman Catholicks*,
By that meanes they get Pardons for tricks:
These wandring Stars of common occupation,
Are rightly sphear'd in this large Constellation:
I enuy not that Church, that vs so spites,
For fingring such notorious Procelites.

23. *Why Kings speake in the Plurall.*

Princes speake in the plurall *Vs*, and *Wee*:
It is their charge, from wrongs to keepe *Vs* free,
And *We* are wronged when *They* wronged bee:
Thus *Plurals* with their *Plurall* charge agree.

24. *The effects of Gods Word.*

Gods Word, to Sheepe is grasse; to Swine, hard stones;
Vnto *Beleeuers*, *Flesh*; to others, *Bones*.

25. *A Scottish Honest Man.*
A Londoners Good Man.

An Honest man, as *Scot'shmen* vnderstand,
Is one, that mickle gudes hath, at command.
A *Good man*, in the *Londoners* account,
Is one, whose wealth to some Summe doth amount.
Lord, make me *Honest*, *Good* by thy instruction:
Then *Good* and *Honest* after their construction.

26. *How and whereof to iest.*

Iest fairely, freely: but exempt from it,
Mens misery, State businesse, Holy writ.

27. *The Worlds Whirlegigge.*

Plenty breeds *Pride*; *Pride*, *Enuy*, *Enuy*, *Warre*,
Warre, *Pouerty*, *Pouerty* humble *Care*.
Humility breeds *Peace*, and *Peace* breeds *Plenty*;
Thus round this World doth rowle alternatly.

28. *On a Good fellow Papist, who makes no bones to eate Flesh on Fasting dayes.*

Thou holdst, thou saist, *the old Religion*,
Yet I know, the new *Dyet* best likes thee.
That which thou call'st *the new opinion*,
I hold, yet the old *Dyet* best likes mee.

29. *Poperies Pedigree.*

Papistry is an old *Religion*,
Some part more old then *Circumcision*,
And some as ancient as are *Moses* Lawes,
From whose Lees she some Ceremonies drawes,
Which she will hold, by old *tradition*.
It is indeed a new *hodg-podgerie*,
Of *Iewish* rites, elder Idolatry:
Of these old simples a new composition.

30. *The Married, to the Chaste.*

It would this World quickly depopulate,
If euery one should dye in your estate.

31. *The Chaste, to the Married.*

Therein you haue the odds, herein wee'r euen:
You fill the world, but we doe people heauen.

32. *A Description of a Puritane, out of this part of the Letany, From Blindnesse of Heart, Pride, Vaine glory, &c.*

Though *Puritanes* the *Letany* deride,
Yet out of it they best may be descride:
They are *blind-hearted*, *Proud*, *Vaine-glorious*,
Deepe Hypocrites, *Hatefull* and *Enuious*,
Malitious, in a full high excesse,
And full of all *Uncharitablenesse*.

A Prayer hereupon.

Since all tart *Puritanes* are furnisht thus,
From such false Knaues (*Good Lord deliuer vs.*)

33. *Loue is betwixt Equals.*

Rich friends for rich friends, will ride, runne and row,
Through dirt and dangers, cheerefully they'll goe:
If poore friends come home to them, for a pleasure,
They cannot find the *Gentleman* at leisure.

34. *The difference betwixt good men and bad, is best seene after death.*

Good men like waxe-lights blow'n out, sauour well:
Bad men like tallow, leaue a stinking smell.
Bad mens Fame may flame more while they haue breath,
But *Good mens Name*, smell sweeter after death.

35. *To Sir Peirce Penny-lesse.*

He walks, out his dinner in Pauls, and his supper in the Exchãge.

Though little coyne thy purse-lesse pocket lyne,
Yet with great company thou art ta'en vp,
For often with Duke *Humfrey* thou dost dyne,
And often with Sir *Thomas Gresham* sup.

The reward of Charity.

36 *To a rich Friend.*

Would'st thou be pittied after thou art dead?
Be pittifull whil'st thou thy life dost lead:
If whilst thou liu'st, the poore thou dost releeue,
Fearing the like supply for thee they'll greeue:
If now thou giu'st them nought, when thou art gone,
They will be glad, hoping for a new gowne.

What haue Foolish men to doe with Princes Secrets?

37. *Thought vpon, on the preparation of a great Fleet, and may serue for all such actions hereafter.*

Fond men doe wonder where this Fleet shall goe:
I should more wonder, if that I should know.

38. *A Secret of State.*

Though *Peace* be loue lyer, honourabler then Warre,
Yet warlike Kings most lou'd, and honor'd are.

39. *Kings Paramount Subiection.*

What wayes Kings walke, Subjects the same will goe.
And many Kings, expect they should doe soe:
Therefore should Kings follow the *King Almightie:*
Kings are Gods * Subiects, if they goueme rightly.

Rom. 6. ver. 16.

40. Why

40. *Why Women are longer attyring of themſelues then Men.*

Women tyring themſelues haue many lets,
Their *Fillets, Frontlets, Partlets*, and *Bracelets:*
Whilſt downe-right-neatleſſe-plaine men haue but one,
A Duoblet double-let in putting on.

41 *Chriſt and Antichriſt.*

Chriſt in the Temple ſhopboords ouerthrew,
Whipt thence the *buying and the ſelling crue.*
The *Pope* * in his *Church*, ſets vp his free *Faire*, In the yeere of Iubile.
And whips all thoſe, that will not buy his *Ware.*

42. *Wiſe men may be miſtaken.*

Puritanes ragged Reaſon of the rag of Popery, and Papiſts rotten Reaſon of thread-bare Antiquitie.

Some too precize, will not ſome cuſtomes vſe,
Becauſe that *Papiſts* did them once abuſe:
As good a reaſon in ſinceritie,
As *Papiſts* oldneſſe without veritie.
Though theſe deſerue to be hiſt off the Schooles,
Yet they are held by thoſe that are no Fooles.

42 *Vnrighteous Mammon.*

Poets faind *Pluto*, God of wealth, and *Hell:*
For they perceiu'd few got their *riches well.*

44. *A Dialogue betwixt a Wiſe King and a good Chriſtian.*

The Wiſe King.

My neighbours ſecrets I deſire to know,
That I their priuate plots may ouerthrow.

The good Chriſtian.

I doe neglect my Neighbours words, and deedes,
I carefully ſuruey mine owne proceeds.

The Wiſe King.

If that my friends offer to doe me harme,
I ſmite them firſt, and ſeeke them to diſarme.

The good Chriſtian.

Though that my Foes doe wrong me euery houre,
I doe them all the good lyes in my power.

The Wiſe King.

By theſe and Iuſtice, I ſhall wiſely raigne.

The Good Christian.

By this and faith, Heauens Kingdome I shall gaine.

45. *Sad-Mens liues are longer then Merry-Mens*

A Paradox.

To him, whose heauy griefe hath no allay
Of lightning comfort, three houres is a day:
But vnto him, that hath his hearts content,
Friday is come, ere he thinkes Tuesday spent.

46. *Poperies principall Absurdities.*

In Papisticall Churches, they both read the Scripture and sing and pray to Images, and all in Lattaine.

Of all the hud-winkt trickes in *Popery*,
This is the lamentablest foppery:
When God is made to speake, and to command
Men, in a tongue they doe not vnderstand,
And Men commanded are to *Sing* and *Pray*
To such fond things that know not what they say,
And these men hauing madly, sadly pray'd,
Themselues doe not know, what themselues haue said.

47. *Of those who are too Kinde, too Courteous, &c.*

Who ouerdoe good things.

Exuberant goodnesse, good mens names haue stain'd,
Their too ranke *Vertue* is by some disdain'd.
Yet 'tis not *Vice*, but *Vertue* ouer strain'd.

48. *Some Mens Testament is not their Will.*

He that will nothing spare whil'st he doth liue,
And when he dyes, vnwillingly doth giue,
Bequeathing what he gladly would keepe still,
Makes a good Testament, but an ill Will.

49. *Why Wiues can make no Wills.*

Men, dying make their *Wills*: why cannot Wiues?
Because, Wiues haue their wills, during their liues.

50. *A iust Retaliation.*

Dead Men bite not: great reason is there then,
That we which now doe liue, should not bite them.

51. *A Prayer.*

Lord, send me *Patience* and *Humility*,
And then send *Plenty*, or *Aduersity*:
So if I be obseru'd, or disrespected,
I shall not be pust vp, nor yet deiected.

52. *Reuerent Graue Preachers.*

On holy dayes, I would heare ſuch a Man,
Graue, holy, full of good inſtruction.

53 *Neat, quaint, nimble Pulpit Wits.*

Theſe nimble Lads are fit for working dayes,
Their witty Sermons may keepe ſome from playes.

54. *Diuers complections, and diuers Conditions.*

A quiet, chaſt mind, in fleſh faire, and neate,
Is like to dainty ſawce, and dainty meate.
A hanſome body, with a mind debault,
Is like to dainty meate ſluttiſhly ſauſt.
A good wiſe mind, in fleſh ill-fauoured,
Is courſe meate, ſweetly ſauſt, well-ſauoured.
A froward, lewde mind in an ill ſhap't ſeate,
Is ſcuruy-ſcuruy ſawce, and ſcuruy meate.

55. *Our Births, and Deaths, Reioycing, and Mourning.*

When we are borne, our friends reioyce, we cry:
But we reioyce, our friends mourne when we dye.

56. *The Vanity of a Papiſticall Shift.*

You ſay you worſhip not the wood, nor ſtone,
For that's but the repreſentation.
Wiſe Heathen vs'd this *Fine Diſtinction.*
Millions that know not this ſubtility,
Commit plaine, palpable *Idolatry.*
Which you in them, doe take ſome paines to breed,
That on their offerings you may fatly feed:
Why cauſe you elſe your *Saints* to weepe, ſweate, bleed?

57. *Curious barly Brethren.*

Thoſe that will haue all Names out of *Gods* booke,
And hold all other Names in deteſtation:
Poore begging *Lazarus* Name, theſe neuer tooke,
They more feare pouerty, then *Prophanation.*

58. *A Scriuener on a Trotter.*

Scriueners get moſt by riding trotting horſes,
Copper-Ars, and Gall, for Inke towards their loſſes.

59 *Womens wiſe Teares.*

Disburthening teares breeds ſad hearts ſome reliefe,
And that's one cauſe, few Women dye of griefe.

60. *To my Reader.*

If brevity my *Reader* doe displease,
I vse it more for his, then for my ease.

62. *Youths conceit, and Ages knowledge.*

I thought my selfe wise when I was at *Schoole*,
But now I know, I was, and am a *Foole*.

63. *Hearbe-grace commonly called* Rewe.

Chast men with name of *Hearbe of Grace* this grac't,
Because thereby, they thought they were kept chaste.
Some women hereupon did name it *Rew*,
Because thereby they thought they lost their *Due*.

64. *To Writers of Hereticall, and Keepers of false Books.*

When yee before Gods Iudgemen Seat shall come,
Out of your owne books, yee shall read your doome:
God need not to produce his owne *True Booke*,
For He doth daily on your *False books* looke.

65. *To a Periwiggian, who hopes to gaine by some friends death.*

Thou maist well hope to be some dead-mans heire,
For thou already wear'st some dead-mens haire.

66. *Gossipes and Good-wines.*

Whither goe these *Good-wines* so neat and trimme?
They goe a sipping, or a gossiping.
Come hither, *Boy*, wipe cleane my Spectacles,
I shall see none of these *Good-women* else.

67. *A young Saint, an old Deuill, to a Couetous old Man.*

Thou changed art of late (as I am told)
Lesse charitable growne, as thou grow'st old;
Thy former good was heate of youth in thee,
For grace once rooted, will grow like a Tree,
Which neuer can eradicated bee.

68. *A mad Wenches Iustice.*

Since not to be thy wiues head thou do'st scorne,
Thinke this as just, *The head must weare the Horne*.

69. *Wee are Gods Husbandry, or Gods crop out of a fertile Christian Soule.*

A good Soule drest with *Zeale*, plow'd vp with feare,

Water'd with Gods grace, a large crop will beare,
The roote firme *Faith*, *Hope*, the blade ſpreading faire,
From theſe ſprings *Loue*, into a large full eare:
The roote is ſure, the blade endures the ſtorme,
With ſheaues of *Loue* we muſt fill full *Gods* Barne.

70. *To a faire Whore.*

When we doe ſee a *woman* ſweetly faire,
We ſay that *God* hath done his part in her,
Thou paſſing *faire*, but paſſing *wicked art*,
In thee therefore *Satan* hath play'd his part.

71. *Riches is now a dayes the Houſe vpon Mens heads.*

In elder times good *Manners* made a *Man*:
In our wiſe age, good *Mannors* maketh one.

72. *Monyes Etymologie.*

Mony thats *Mone I*: for when I haue none,
I penſiue am, and ſad, and ſigh, and mone.

73. *The Treaſure of the Church, or the Popes Exchequer.*

Wert not for the huge, large, imagin'd cheſt,
The *Key* whereof hangs at the *Popes* owne breſt,
Where ouer-doers works, are rang'd for buyers.
For prophane *Traytors*, *Gripers*, *Leachers*, *Lyers*,
The *Popes* ſtrong-bard-cheſt would be lin'd but thinne,
A bagge would ſerue to keepe his treaſure in.

74. *A wicked, contentious mans Epitaph.*

None liuing lou'd him, for his death none grieu'd,
Saue ſome ſay, Griefe it was he ſo long liu'd.

75. *An Epitaph.*

On euery well meaning man vndone by his kindneſſe.

My rich heart made me Poore, comforting Sad,
My helping, Impotent, my Goodnes Bad.

76. *To one of Fortunes white Sonnes.*

Thou haſt liu'd many yeeres in perfect health,
Great friends thou haſt, for thou haſt got much wealth,
All things fall pat with thee, which thou would'ſt haue,
Were it not pitty thou ſhould'ſt be a Knaue?

77. *Death, and VVarre.*

Warre begets *Famine*, famine, *Plague*, plague *Death*,
War breathes forth woes, but Death ſtops all woes breath,

Warre is great *A* of ills, and Death is *Z*.
In warres red Letters, Deaths feast-dayes are read.

78. *The Popish Legend,*
The Iewish Talmoud.
Mahomets Alcheron.

The *Legend*, *Talmoud*, and the *Alcheron*,
Are differing lyes, for one intention,
They worke for differing works fram'd on one frame,
Like, lewd, large lyes, fit for the whet-stone game:
One way they tend, though seuerall wayes proceed,
Hee well beleeues, who makes them not his Creed.

79. *To an Armenian Canary Bird.*

Thou that think'st good works in *Gods* nose so sauory,
What sauour think'st thou smells he in thy knauery?

80. *Faith without Works, Works without Faith.*

To beleeue and liue ill, is but to thinke,
Without *Faiths* salt, *Good-works* will quickly stinke.

81. *Vngirt, Vnblest.*

Vngirt, vnblest: a Prouerbe old, and good,
A true one too, if rightly vnderstood:
Vnblest he shall be euerlastingly,
Who is not girt with *Christian* verity.*

*Ephes. 6. 14.

82. *True Chastity.*

Not, who doth not, yet gladly would goe to it,
Is *Chast*, but he that may, and will not doe it.

83. *From hardnesse of heart, good Lord deliuer vs.*

Its God alone that makes a tender heart.
To make hearts hard, ours and the Deuils part.

84. *A perswasion to Heauen.*

Where *Heauen* is, all our *Diuines* agree,
They cannot well tell, where *Hells* seate should bee.
Why should we not, to knowne *Heauen* bend our race?
Rather then by sinne seeke an vnknowne place?

85. *To a nameless Religious Friend.*

Why dost thou euery *Sermon* Gods Word call,
Since Preachers broach damn'd errors, flatter, brawle?
Indeed thou maist *Sermons* this praise afford,
It is, or should be, *Gods* owne holy Word.

86. *To King* IAMES, *King of Great Britaine, &c. of blessed memory.*

Our Ministers in their Euangeling,
Praying for thee, stile thee *Great Brittaines King:*
Our Lawyers pleading in *Westminster* Hall,
Of *England*, and of *Scotland King* thee call.
For what great mystery, I cannot see,
Why Law, and Gospell should thus disagree.
Only I judge, that *Preachers* giue thee thine,
By their Law its as lawfull as Diuine.

87. *The most Catholike King of Spaine.*

The *Spanish King* is stil'd *Most Catholicke:*
In it is hid a quaint mysterious tricke,
His meaning is not in *Religion*,
But he intends it in *Dominion.*

88. *What vse old Moones are put to.*

What doth become of old *Moones* thou dost aske,
And where her borrowed influence she shades ?
For me to tell thee, twere too hard a taske,
A witty Wagge sayes, They fill *Womens* heads.

89. *Little Legges, and lesse wit.*

At first me thought a wise man thou should'st be,
For *Calfe* about thee I could no where see :
Tis thought thy *Calfes* are walkt into thy braine,
For all thy talke is in a *Caluish* vaine.

90. *Problematically prouing, that the City of Rome is not the seat of* CHRIST'S *Vicar Generall.*

Since *Christ* his old choice *Citie* ruined,
'Cause it despis'd *Him*, and his *Saints* blood shed,
Why should *He Rome*, with supreme *Grace* inable ?
Who kil'd *him*, and of his innumerable?

91. *I proue it thus.*

Our Lord was Crucifi'd by *Pilats* doome,
His death was Roman, and his *Iudge* of *Rome*,
And of his death the chiefe pretended cause, * *Iohn 19. 12.
Was for the breach of *Romes Imperiall Lawes:*
And the ten bloody persecutions,
Was by th'authority of *Romes* great ones.

92. *Two Prouerbs coupled.*

As those that get goods ill, doe them ill spend,
So an ill life makes an vngodly end.

93. *Good Counsell, ill Example.*

Those that perswade others to *Godlinesse*,
And liue themselues vngodly neretheleſſe:
Are like a ships Cooke, that calls all to prayer,
And yet the greazie *Carle* will net come there.

94. *To an Vpstart.*

Thine old friends thou forget'st, hauing got wealth:
No maruaile, for thou hast forgot thy selfe.

95. *Christ in the middest.*

He that on earth with low humility,
Betwixt two Theeues vpon *Mount Calvary*,
Acted his Passiue-actiue Passion,
In highest heauen in supreme dignity,
Seating himselfe betwixt the Deity,
Acts his Actiue-passiue compassion.
O let me beare what thou dost act in me,
And act what may be suffered by *Thee*!

96. *Gods Word is a two-edged Sword.*

Gods Word wounds both wayes like a two-edg'd Sword,
The *Preachers*, and the *Hearers* of the Word:
The fore edge wounds the *Hearers* on the pate,
The backe-edge on the *Preachers* doth rebate.

97. *To the admirably witty, and excellently learned Sir Nicholas Smith, Knight, of Lorkheare neere Exeter, my ancient friend.*

Taking occasion of an Anigram of his.

N. S. Tu laus mihi cos es.

Praises on duller wits a sharp edge breeds,
Your Wit's all edge, he no such whet-stone needs.
Yet your steeld Iudgement, sharpe inuention,
Temperd with learning, and discretion,
Millions of praises merits as their due:
Who knowes you well, knowes well that I speake true.

98. *To the right worshipfull* William Noy, *Esquire, one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, long since of my acquaintance both in Oxford and London.*

Noah the second father of all soules,
Had in his *Arke* all beasts, and feathered fowles.
You in your *Arke*, as in a plenteous hoord,
Haue stor'd what *Wit*, or *Learning* can afford:
For all *Lawes, Common, Ciuill*, or *Diuine*,
For *Histories* of old, or of our time,
For *Morall Learning*, or *Philosophy*,
You are an exact, liuing *Library*.
But your rich mind mixt with no base allay,
Is ancient *Opher* of the old assay.
I may feare drowing, lanch I further forth,
In the large, full, deepe Deluge of your worth.

99. *To the right worshipfull* Nicholas Ducke, *Esquire, one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, and Recorder of the City of Exeter, my Cousin German.*

Although those Creatures, called by your name,
For their delight in dirt, deserue much blame;
And though that some of your profession,
Are glad when they haue got possession.
Of the foule end, or will dirt a cleere ease:
You in your Circuit tread a cleaner pase.
I know it, you abhorre those sordid things,
And where 'twas foule before, you cleere the springs:
For which, wise honest men you high esteemes,
May your yong *Duckling* paddle in like streames.

100. *To the right worshipfull* Arthur Ducke, *Doctor of the Ciuill Law, and Chancellor of London, Bath and Wells, my Cousin German.*

To correct *Sinne* and *Folly* to disgrace,
To find out *Truth*, and *Cunning* steps to trace,
To doe this mildly, with an vpright pace,
Are vertues in you fitted for your place.

101. *An Epithalamium.*

On the Marriage of Doctor Arthur Ducke, *with one of the Daughters and Coheires of* Henry Southworth *Esquire.*

Amongst your best friends I am not ingrate
To *God*, who hath you giuen so good a mate,
Faire, Vertuous, Louing, with a great estate.
Would I had such another at the rate.

102. *To the right worshipfull* William Hackwell *Esquire, one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, my ancient kind friend.*

Your large, compleat, sollid, sufficiency,
Hid in the vaile of your wise modesty,
Your quaint, neat learning, your acute quicke wit,
And sincere heart, for great employments fit:
Beside your *Law*, wherein you doe excell,
Because you little shew of your great deale,
None can know well, except they know *you* well.

103. *To the Reuerend* George Hackwell, *Doctor in Diuinity, Archdeacon of Surry, my ancient & kind friend.*

Should I dilate all your great gifts at large,
Which for my weake *Muse* were too hard a charge,
An *Epigram* would to a volume grow,
If I their large particulars should show.
You haue your brothers whole sufficiency:
Saue for his *Law*, you haue *Diuinity*:
This may I adde, and with great ioy relate:
For which to you oblig'd is our whole State,
In our blest bristoplot, you haue sow'd good seeds,
Which doe out-grow *Natures* quick-growing weeds.

104. *To the right worshipfull* Iohn Barker *Esquire, late Maior of the City of Bristoll, my louing and kind brother in Law.*

Bristoll your Birth-place (where you haue augmented
Much, your much left you) is well recompenced.
In *Counsell Office*, and in *Parliament*,
For her good, you haue shew'd your good intent:
As you doe grace the place that did you breed,
I pray, your *Sonnes* lounes may there so succeed.

105 *To the wise and learned S. B. K. Knight.*

A Poet rich, a Iudge, and a Iust man,
In few but you, are all these found in one.

106 *To the right worshipfull* Iohn Doughty, *Alderman of Bristoll, of his right worthy wife, my especiall good friends.*

I haue heard many say they'd not remarry,
If before them their kind wiues should miscarry,
I feare, some of them from their words would vary.
Should I your wife dye, sad sole you would remaine.
I haue sufficient reason for my aime,
You cannot find so good a wife againe.

107. *To the worshipfull*, Richard Long *of Bristoll, Merchant, and his good wife, my kind and louing friends.*

Vnthankefulnes is the great Sinne of Sinnes,
But *Thankefulnes* to Kindnes, kindnes winnes.
For your deare loue accept my thankes therefore.
An honest heart is grieu'd he can no more.

108 *To the Reuerend Doctor*, Thomas Winnife, *Deane of Gloceſter, Prebend of Pauls, and Chaplaine to King* CHARLES, *anciently of my acquaintance in Exceter Colledge in Oxford.*

Your sollid learning, and sincere behauiour,
Haue worthily brought you into great fauour,
And you are Deane of *Gloria Cæsaris*,
Such *Chaplaines* our great *Cæsars* glory is.

Some deriue Gloster from *Gloria Cæsari*, others from *Claudius Cæsar*.

109 *To the right worshipfull* Richard Spicer, *Doctor of Physicke, my louing and kind Kinsman.*

Apollo, first Inuentor of your Arte,
His hidden secrets doth to you impart,
Old *Galen*, *Auicen*, and all the rest,
Haue with their knowledge your graue iudgement blest,
You are both wise and happy in your skill,
Doing continuall good, and no man ill.

110. *To the right worshipfull* Robert Viluain, *Doctor of Physicke, my ancient friend, in Exeter Colledge in Oxford.*

Let me change your *Paternall* name *Vilvaine*,

Somewhat more aptly, and call you *Feele-vaine*,
In *Physicke* still you are as good as any,
And with your *Recipe's* you haue holp't many,
Wherefore in troopes the to sicke you repaire,
Who hath your helpe, need not of health despaire.

111. *To the Reuerend, learned, acute, and witty, Master* Charles Fitz-Geoffery, *Bachelor in Diuinity, my especiall kind friend, most excellent Poet.*

Blind *Poet Homer* you doe equalize,
Though he saw more with none, then most with eyes.
Our *Geoffery Chaucer*, who wrote quaintly, neat,
In verse you match equall, him in conceit,
Featur'd you are like *Homer* in one eye,
Rightly surnam'd the Sonne of *Geoffery*.

112. *To a right worshipfull, discreet, sober Gentleman, a Iustice of Peace, who of a wild demeand yong Gentlman, is now become a Reuerend Minister, a painefull Preacher, and a worthy Example.*

You know, I know, what kind of man you were;
Not like to make the man that now you are:
Your buds of *Grace*, were ouer-growne with folly,
These weeds pluckt vp, you are growne wholy holy,
From a strange, loose, wild, waggish Libertine,
A *Doctor* learned, *Preacher* sweet, *Diuine*.
Many take Orders, Liuings to obtaine.
Plenty you had, *Christs* glory was your aime,
Your *Friends* ioy'd much, when they saw you so giuen,
Ineffable's the ioy that was in heauen.

113. *To the same Reuerend Doctor.*

You are turu'd old Saint, leauing your yong euils,
Whilst many yong Saints, doe become old Deuils.

114. *To my honest Bed-fellow the priuatly Charitable, discreetly Beneficiall, Master* Edward Payne, *Merchant of Bristoll.*

Piein is *Greeke*, to drinke: *Pain*, *French*, for bread:
With *Paine* (God sayes) with these we shall be fed,
Yet without *Payne*, many these needfuls gaine,
Only by thanking *God*, and *Master Payne*.

115. *To squint-eyed, envious* Momus.

For praising *These*, doe not thou dispraise me;
If thou wilt be as these are, Ile praise thee.

116. *A little of my unworthy Selfe.*

Many of these were my familiars,
Much good, and goods hath fal'n vnto their shares,
They haue gone fairely on in their affaires:
Good God, why haue I not so much good lent!
It is thy will, I am obedient:
What thou hast, what thou wilt, I am content,
Only this breeds in me much heauines,
My loue to this Land I cannot expresse,
Lord grant me power vnto my willingnesse.

117. *A Skeltonicall continued ryme, in praise of my New-found-Land.*

Although in cloaths, company, buildings faire,
With *England*, *New-found-land* cannot compare:
Did some know what contentment I found there,
Alwayes enough, most times somewhat to spare,
With little paines, lesse toyle, and lesser care,
Exempt from taxings, ill newes, Lawing, feare,
If cleane, and warme, no matter what you weare,
Healthy, and wealthy, if men carefull are,
With much-much more, then I will now declare,
(I say) if some wise men knew what this were,
(I doe beleeue) they'd liue no other where.

118. *A Napkin to wipe his mouth that waters at these deserued Commendations.*

Thus for this hopefull *Country* at this *Time*,
As it growes better, Ile haue better *Ryme*.

The end of the first Booke.

1. *To the Reader of my reprehending generall Epigrams.*

I Doe not, nor I dare not *ſquib* the State:
Such *oultrequidant* ſawcines I hate:
Nor doe I meane any one *Man* herein;
In priuate tearmes, I laſh a publique ſin;
If any guilty thinke I him doe meane,
He iudgeth right: for I at him doe ayme.

2. *Of the like Epigrams.*

To the right worſhipfull and learned, Simon Baskeruile, *Doctor of Phyſicke.*

Epigrams are much like to *Oxymell*,
Hony and *Vineger* compounded well:
Hony, and ſweet in their inuention,
Vineger in their reprehenſion.
As ſowre, ſweet *Oxymell*, doth purge though fleagme:
Theſe are to purge *Vice*, take them as they meane.

3. *A Probleme of Children.*

Since God complaines of too few Children,
And Satan hath for Gods One, more then ten,
Yet ſtill would haue more. Why ſhould *Man* alone
Repine at ſome, nay? wiſh that they had none?

4. *To a cloſe Sinner, more fearefull of ſhame, then Sinne.*

Dauid ſaith, *Stand in awe, and doe not ſinne*
Thou ſtandſt *in awe*, but tis, leſt thou be *ſeene*.

5. *To Curious Criticke Wit, Head-Conſtable.*

Search cloſe, thou maiſt ſome *Felony* find here:
From all Foole-hardy *Treaſon* theſe are cleare.

6. *On* Erra Pater *and his Almanacke.*

The often Printed *Gull-foole Erra Pater*,

Amongſt your beſt friends haue not place

But vncrown'd thou art, he comes further downe;
How farre he comes, now cannot be deſcride:
For he comes downe, downe, downe to thy *backeſide.*

8. *To a Paultry Acquaintance.*

Thou doſt accuſe me, and condemne my Rymes,
Becauſe to thee I dedicate no lines.
Thou doſt as well deſerue an *Epigram*,
As *Baldpate*, who is trim'd with many a one.

9. *To a certaine Periwiggian.*

Thy ſmooth, ſleeke head-haire, daily ſettled on,
Though ſome ſay not, I ſay it is thine owne,
Thou paid'ſt for't: yet the haire thou haſt loſt,
When thou did'ſt loſe it, did thee much more coſt.

10. *Of the Antiquity of the true Church, to a Ieſuite.*

Thou dooſt demand, and acclamations raiſe,
Where our beliefe was, before *Luthers* dayes?
As *Chriſt* did anſwer to a queſtion,
By ſuch a like expoſtulation:
So doe I aske, anſwer me when thou pleaſe,
Where was your *Faith*, long ſince the *Apoſtles* dayes?

11. *To the ſame Ieſuite.*

Art thou a *Ieſuite*, yet doſt vs reproach
With want of *Faith*, ere *Luther* his did broach?
Your *race* was raiz'd, ſince he preach'd: your new errors
Are odious to your owne, to others terrors.
A hated race, ſpew'd in theſe latter dayes,
Though Fathers cal'd, y'are the *Popes Roring boyes.*

12. *To a ſober, ſly, Penurious, Vſurious Companion.*

Godlines is great gaine, God ſayes no leſſe,
But thou ſaiſt, thou canſt make gaine godlines:
What thou haſt got by *craft*, *and Vſury*,
Thou wilt bequeath in *deeds of Charity.*
Such diſtribution I doe emulate;
The way vnto it, I abominate.

106 *To the right worſhipfull* Iohn Dougnty, *Alderman of*

Amongſt your beſt friends I am not ſingrate
To *God*, who hath you giuen ſo good a mate,
Faire, Vertuous, Louing, with a great eſtate.
Would I had ſuch another at the rate.

102. *To the right worſhipfull* William Hackwell *Eſquire, one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, my ancient kind friend.*

Your large, compleat, ſollid, ſufficiency,
Hid in the vaile of your wiſe modeſty,
Your quaint, neat learning, your acute quicke wit,
And ſincere heart, for great employments fit:
Beſide your *Law*, wherein you doe excell,
Becauſe you little ſhew of your great deale,
None can know well, except they know *you* well.

103. *To the Reuerend* George Hackwell, *Doctor in Diuinity, Archdeacon of Surry, my ancient & kind friend.*

Should I dilate all your great gifts at large,
Which for my weake *Muſe* were too hard a charge,
An *Epigram* would to a volume grow,
If I their large particulars ſhould ſhow.
You haue your brothers whole ſufficiency:
Saue for his *Law*, you haue *Diuinity*:
This may I adde, and with great ioy relate:
For which to you oblig'd is our whole State,
In our bleſt Britaine, you haue ſow'd good ſeeds,
Which doe out-grow *Natures* quick-growing weeds.

104. *To the right worſhipfull* Iohn Barker *Eſquire, late Maior of the City of Briſtoll, my louing and kind brother in Law.*

Briſtoll your Birth-place (where you haue augmented
Much, your much leſſe you) is well recompenced.
In *Counſell Office*, and in *Parliament*,
For her good you haue ſhew'd your good intent:
As you doe grace the place that did you breed,
I pray, your *Sonnes* lounes may there ſo ſucceed.

The way vnto it, I abominate.

106 *To the right worſhipfull* Iohn Doughty, *Alderman of Briſtoll, of his right worthy wife, my eſpeciall good friends.*

I haue heard many ſay they'd not remarry,
If before them their kind wiues ſhould miſcarry,
I feare, ſome of them from their words would vary.
Should your wife dye, ſad ſole you would remaine.
I haue ſufficient reaſon for my aime,
You cannot find ſo good a wife againe.

107. *To the worſhipfull*, Richard Long *of Briſtoll, Merchant, and his good wife, my kind and louing friends.*

Vnthankefulnes is the great Sinne of Sinnes,
But *Thankefulnes* to Kindnes, kindnes winnes.
For your deare loue accept my thankes therefore.
An honeſt heart is grieu'd he can no more.

108 *To the Reuerend Doctor*, Thomas Winniſe, *Deane of Gloceſter, Prebend of Pauls, and Chaplaine to King* CHARLES, *anciently of my acquaintance in Exceter Colledge in Oxford.*

Your ſollid learning, and ſincere behauiour,
Haue worthily brought you into great fauour,
And you are Deane of *Gloria Cæſaris*,
Such *Chaplaines* our great *Cæſars* glory is.

Some deriue Gloſter from *Gloria Cæſari*, others from *Claudius Cæſar*.

109 *To the right worſhipfull* Richard Spicer, *Doctor of Phyſicke, my louing and kind Kinſman.*

Apollo, firſt Inuentor of your Arte,
His hidden ſecrets doth to you impart,
Old *Galen*, *Auicen*, and all the reſt,
Haue with their knowledge your graue iudgement bleſt,
You are both wiſe and happy in your skill,
Doing continuall good, and no man ill.

110. *To the right worſhipfull* Robert Viluain, *Doctor of Phyſicke, my ancient friend, in Exeter Colledge in Oxford.*

Let me change your *Paternall* name *Vilvaine*,

Somewhat more aptly, and call you *Feele-vaine*,
In *Physicke* still you are as good as any,
And with your *Recipe's* you haue holp't many,
Wherefore in troopes the to sicke you repaire,
Who hath your helpe, need not of health despaire.

111. *To the Reuerend, learned, acute, and witty, Master* Charles Fitz-Geoffery, *Bachelor in Diuinity, my especiall kind friend, most excellent Poet.*

Blind *Poet Homer* you doe equalize,
Though he saw more with none, then most with eyes.
Our *Geoffery Chaucer*, who wrote quaintly, neat,
In verse you match equall, him in conceit,
Featur'd you are like *Homer* in one eye,
Rightly surnam'd the Sonne of *Geoffery*.

112. *To a right worshipfull, discreet, sober Gentleman, a Iustice of Peace, who of a wild demeand yong Gentlman, is now become a Reuerend Minister, a painefull Preacher, and a worthy Example.*

You know, I know, what kind of man you were;
Not like to make the man that now you are:
Your buds of *Grace*, were ouer-growne with folly,
These weeds pluckt vp, you are growne wholy holy,
From a strange, loose, wild, waggish Libertine,
A *Doctor* learned, *Preacher* sweet, *Diuine*.
Many take Orders, Liuings to obtaine.
Plenty you had, *Christs* glory was your aime,
Your *Friends* ioy'd much, when they saw you so giuen,
Ineffable's the ioy that was in heauen.

113. *To the same Reuerend Doctor.*

You are turn'd old Saint, leauing your yong euils,
Whilst many yong Saints, doe become old Deuils.

114. *To my honest Bed-fellow the priuatly Charitable, discreetly Beneficiall, Master* Edward Payne, *Merchant of Bristoll.*

Piein is *Greeke*, to drinke: *Pain*, *French*, for bread:
With *Paine* (God sayes) with these we shall be fed,
Yet without *Payne*, many these needfuls gaine,
Only by thanking *God*, and *Master Payne*.

115. *To squint-eyed, enuious* Momus.

For praiſing *Theſe*, doe not thou diſpraiſe me;
If thou wilt be as theſe are, Ile praiſe thee.

116. *A little of my vnworthy Selfe.*

Many of theſe were my familiars,
Much good, and goods hath fal'n vnto their ſhares,
They haue gone fairely on in their affaires:
Good God, why haue I not ſo much good lent!
It is thy will, I am obedient:
What thou haſt, what thou wilt, I am content,
Only this breeds in me much heauines,
My loue to this Land I cannot expreſſe,
Lord grant me power vnto my willingneſſe.

117. *A Skeltonicall continued ryme, in praiſe of my New-found-Land.*

Although in cloaths, company, buildings faire,
With *England*, *New-found-land* cannot compare:
Did ſome know what contentment I found there,
Alwayes enough, moſt times ſomewhat to ſpare,
With little paines, leſſe toyle, and leſſer care,
Exempt from taxings, ill newes, Lawing, feare,
If cleane, and warme, no matter what you weare,
Healthy, and wealthy, if men carefull are,
With much-much more, then I will now declare,
(I ſay) if ſome wiſe men knew what this were,
(I doe beleeue) they'd liue no other where.

118. *A Napkin to wipe his mouth that waters at theſe deſerued Commendations.*

Thus for this hopefull *Countrie* at this *Time*,
As it growes better, Ile haue better *Ryme*.

The end of the firſt Booke.

1. *To the Reader of my reprehending generall Epigrams.*

I Doe not, nor I dare not *ſquib* the State:
Such *oultrequidant* ſawcines I hate:
Nor doe I meane any one *Man* herein;
In priuate tearmes, I laſh a publique ſin;
If any guilty thinke I him doe meane,
He iudgeth right: for I at him doe ayme.

2. *Of the like Epigrams.*

To the right worſhipfull and learned, Simon Baskeruile, *Doctor of Phyſicke.*

Epigrams are much like to *Oxymell*,
Hony and *Vineger* compounded well:
Hony, and ſweet in their inuention,
Vineger in their reprehenſion.
As ſowre, ſweet *Oxymell*, doth purge though fleagme:
Theſe are to purge *Vice*, take them as they meane.

3. *A Probleme of Children.*

Since God complaines of too few Children,
And Satan hath for Gods One, more then ten,
Yet ſtill would haue more. Why ſhould *Man* alone
Repine at ſome; nay? wiſh that they had none?

4. *To a cloſe Sinner, more fearefull of ſhame, then Sinne.*

Dauid ſaith, *Stand in awe, and doe not ſinne*
Thou ſtandſt *in awe*, but tis, leſt thou be ſeene.

5. *To Curious Criticke Wit, Head-Conſtable.*

Search cloſe, thou maiſt ſome *Felony* find here:
From all Foole-hardy *Treaſon* theſe are cleare.

6. *On* Erra Pater *and his Almanacke.*

The often Printed *Gull-foole Erra Pater*,
Is in concluſion but an *erring prater*.

7 *To Baldpate.*

Surely, *Paldpate*, thou ſome times hadſt a *brow*
Before thou loſt thy haire; *No man* knowes how.
Thy brow doth now reach home vnto thy crowne,

But vncrown'd thou art, he comes further downe;
How farre he comes, now cannot be descride:
For he comes downe, downe, downe to thy *backeside.*

8. *To a Paultry Acquaintance.*

Thou dost accuse me, and condemne my Rymes,
Because to thee I dedicate no lines.
Thou dost as well deserue an *Epigram*,
As *Baldpate*, who is trim'd with many a one.

9. *To a certaine Periwiggian.*

Thy smooth, sleeke head-haire, daily settled on,
Though some say not, I say it is thine owne,
Thou paid'st for't: yet the haire thou hast lost,
When thou did'st lose it, did thee much more cost.

10. *Of the Antiquity of the true Church, to a Iesuite.*

Thou doost demand, and acclamations raise,
Where our beliefe was, before *Luthers* dayes?
As *Christ* did answer to a question,
By such a like expostulation:
So doe I aske, answer me when thou please,
Where was your *Faith*, long since the *Apostles* dayes?

11. *To the same Iesuite.*

Art thou a *Iesuite*, yet dost vs reproach
With want of *Faith*, ere *Luther* his did broach?
Your *race* was raiz'd, since he preach'd: your new errors
Are odious to your owne, to others terrors.
A hated race, spew'd in these latter dayes,
Though Fathers cal'd, y'are the *Popes Roring boyes.*

12. *To a sober, sly, Penurious, Usurious Companion.*

Godlines is great gaine, God sayes no lesse,
But thou saist, thou canst make gaine godlines:
What thou hast got by *craft*, *and Vsury*,
Thou wilt bequeath in *deeds of Charity.*
Such distribution I doe emulate;
The way vnto it, I abominate.

13. *The Indefatigability of a Shrews Tongue.*

What long wants naturall rest, cannot indure:
In all things, but a *Shrewes Tongue*, this is sure.

14. *The goe-out and the Goute.*

Thou grieu'd art with *the goe-out, and the Goute;*
For if thy wife doth chide thee out of doore:
Which of these ills is worst, some make a doubt:
I thinke *the goe-out*, is the greater sore.
The *Goute* doth oftnest but the great *Toe paine:*
The *goe-out* doth afflict both *heart*, and *braine.*

15. *To Father* Taylor *Iesuite, sometimes my familiar frieud in Oxford.*

You say that Images are *Lay-mens Bookes.*
He learnes most error, that most on them lookes.
As the Egyptians Hierogliphicks. And to say truth, what-euer you doe say,
They're fit Bookes for the Learned, not the Lay.

16. *To an Idoll worshipper, or an obstinate Recusant.*

Psal. 135. ver. 15, 16, 17, 18. Idols are senceless, speake them foule or faire;
And those that trust in them, as senceless are.
Trusting in them, thou art obdurate made,
That *Law* nor *Gospell* can thee not perswade.

17. *A Meditation for such simple innocent people as I am.*

Since thou *All-wise* hast made me not so *wise,*
With subtile *Serpents* for to *subtilize*;
Accept my *plainenesse*, and my good *intent,*
That with thy *Doue* I may be *innocent*;
From *subtle trickes* guard my *simplicitie.*
And make me simple in subtility.

18. *The force of Repentance.*

Our sinne enforceth God to raise his hand:
But our *Repentance* doth the stroke withstand.

19. *Most men want somewhat.*

Some honest well-bent mindes their *strength* is slacke;
Strong men haue *strength*, some of them *wisdome* lacke;
Wisemen haue *wit*; But some want *honestie*;
Some men are neither *honest, strong*, nor *wittie.*

20. *Too much, too little, hurts.*

Light Corne beares ground thats not with dressing dight;
Without some learning, wit growes vaine and light;
As too much dressing cause weeds, ranck, and bad:
So too much *Learning* makes a quicke wit mad.

21. *Greatnes*

21. *Greatnes and Loue moue not in one Spheare.*
Greatnes ſoares vpward; *Loue* is downeward mou'd;
Hence 'tis that *Greatnes Loues* not, nor is Lou'd.

22. *To an enuied Fauorite, right worthy of his preferment.*
Enuious, and *bad*, 'gainſt *vertue*, *goodneſſe* fight;
Would *Good*, and *wiſe*, did vnderſtand *you right.*

23. *To a caſheard Fauorite, who hath deſerued his diſgrace.*
I grieue at thy diſgrace, bluſh at thy ſhame,
But this drawes teares; Thou haſt deſeru'd the ſame.

24. *How Little, how Great.*
The leaſt of all the fixed *Stars*, they ſay,
Is ſome times bigger then the earth and *Sea.*
Poore little I that from earth haue my birth,
Am but a clod, compared to the *Earth.*
How little now, how great ſhall I be then,
When I in *Heauen*, like to a *Starre* ſhall ſhine?

25. *On Young weekely Newes-writers & old Chroniclers.*
Currantiers lye by Vbiquity;
But Chroniclers lye by Authority.
Newes-writers, *Trauellers* are, *Hiſtorians* old:
Trauellers and old men to lye may be bold.
Not then, *Not there*, cannot their lyes *vnfold.*

26. *Conſcience.*
Whilſt *concious men* of ſmalleſt *ſinnes* haue ruth,
Bold *ſinners* count great *Sinnes*, but tricks of youth.

27. *To a weake braind Good-fellow.*
Thy braine is weake, *ſtrong drinke* thou canſt *not beare:*
Follow my Rule, *Strong drinke* doe thou *forbeare.*

28. *The only Foundation Rocke of Chriſts Church,*
To the Diuines of Rome.
Out of the *Creed*, wherein we both conſent,
Peter, I proue is not the *Rocke Chriſt* ment.
Doe we belieue *in God of all the maker?*
In that, the *Iew* with vs is a partaker.
Doe we belieue, that *Chriſt was borne and dy'd*,
And that he was vnjuſtly *Crucifi'd?*
The *Turke* beleues ſo, and ſayes he did ſtand,
Till theirs came mediating at Gods right hand.

That

That he ſhall *Iudge* all that beleeue in him,
Both *Iew* and *Turke*, *Forgiuener of all ſinne*
Belieue; the *fleſhes Reſurrection*,
The bleſſed *Saints holy Communion*,
And *life eternall* almoſt as we doe,
And that their *Church* is *Catholicke*, and true.
They doe beleeue *the Spirits influence*,
Though not like vs, but in a larger ſenſe.
But all within our *Creed*, which doth conduce,
To proue *Chriſt Ieſus* is *the only ſluce*
Of our *Saluation*, and *Gods only Sonne*;
In that, we *Chriſtians* doe beleeue alone.
This is the Rocke whereon *Chriſts Church* is built.
Take away this, all our Faiths frame will tylt.
And this was *Peters* wiſe confeſſion:
Whence I deduce this firme concluſion;
Not *Peter* his *confeſſion* the *Rock* is,
And *Chriſt* ſaid not, *On Thee*, but, *Vpon This*.

29. *An honeſt wrong'd Mans Meditations.*
Since for my Loue, Friends me vnkindly ſerue,
God will not vſe me, as I doe deſerue.

30. *The good effects of Corrections.*
Sea- water, though't be ſalt, ſalt meates makes freſh;
So doth correction our ill liues redreſſe.

31. *Preachers Fame, and Ayme.*
Young *Preachers*, to *doe well*, doe take much *paine*,
That all may *doe well*, is old *Preachers ayme*.

32. *To the Reader.*
This one fault *(Reader)* pardon, and endure,
If ſtriuing to be briefe, I grow obſcure.

33. *A Chriſtian Meditation.*
I hope, and I doe faithfully beleeue,
That God in loue will me *Saluation* giue:
I hope, and my aſſured firme faith is,
God will accept my *Loue* to him and his.
I hope, by faith his *Loue* will me afford
All this only, through Ieſus Chriſt our Lord.

34. *A Messe of Mistakers.*

Lewd, loose, *large* lust, is loue with *Familists.*
Papists chiefe *Hope* in their owne workes consists.
Some *Protestants* on barren *Faith* relye.
Atheists haue no *Faith*, *Hope*, nor *Charity.*

35. *An Appendix to this Epigram.*

Loue is the fruite; *Hope* the leaues; *Faith* the tree.
Who hath a perfect *Faith*, hath all these three.
Only by such a *Faith* men saued be.

36 *A Guilty Conscience.*

When God did call to *Adam*, Where art thou?
He meant not thereby, where, or in what place?
God knew in which bush he was well enough:
But, Where art, *Adam*? that is, In what case?

37. *To giue the Church of Rome her due. To a Separatist.*

Though thou art loth to put it in thy *Creed*,
The Church of *Rome* is a *true Church* indeed:
So is a Thiefe a true, truely a man,
Although he be not truely a true one.
How is it else that Children there baptizde,
By other Christians Christians are agnizde?

38. *To Quick silver headded Innouators.*

Because of the vncertainty of *Wits*,
Our Law commands a certainty in *Writs*:
For as good cause is our Church Lythurgie
Wisly reduced to a certainty.
If that were yeelded to that some men seeke,
We should haue new *Church-Seruice* euery weeke.

39. *Faire Good Wiues.*

Cleare-skind, true colour'd Wiues, with exact features,
With wise, mild, chaste *Soules*, are the best of Creatures.

40. *Faire Shrewes.*

Cleare-skind, faire colour'd Wiues, with exact features,
With shrewd, lew'd, wild minds, are the worst of creatures.

41. *A Probleme hereupon.*

If fine flesh be so ill with an ill mind,
What is a foule outside thus inward lin'd?

A Treſtick to theſe three,
Diſticks by way of Anſwer.

42. *To all conſtant Batchelers, eſpecially to my Good Friend Mr.* Roger Michell.

Caribdis one, the other *Sylla* is;
And though the firſt an harbour be of bliſſe,
You *ſteare* the ſafeſt courſe, theſe *Rockes* to miſſe.

43. *To an honeſt old doting Man, ſuch as I may be, if I liue a little longer.*

A *Lyer* ſhould haue a good memory;
For want of it thou vttereſt many a *Lye*,
Thou doſt remember many things in great:
But the particulars thou doſt forget.
Thou tell'ſt thy *Lyes* without ill-*thought or paine*;
Th'are no malicious *Lyes*, nor *Lyes* for gaine.

44. *A Crue of Curſing Companions. To the Biſhop of* Rome.

With *Bell*, *Booke*, *Candle*, each Aſcenſion day,
Thou curſeſt vs * who for thee yeerely pray.
But on good *Fryday* the *Greeke* * *Patriark*,
Doth banne thee, branding thee, with this lewd marke,
He ſtiles thee, *Father* of *Corruption*,
Of Ancient *Fathers* the corrupting *One*:
They ſaw long ſince thy knauiſh forgery,
As we now ſee thy *Purging Knauery*.

Vide, the collect on good-Fryday.

Nicholas de Nichola. lib. 4. cap. 36.

45. *To the ſame man.*

He that doth dead *Saints Reliques* Idolize,
Their liuing writings lewdly falſifies.

46. *Ennies Dyet.*

Old wits haue ſeuerall wayes dreſt *Ennies* food;
Each hath his ſawce (if rightly vnderſtood)
Her owne heart, her owne fleſh, A Toade, A Bone,
Which ſhe deuoureth ſitting all alone:
Though theſe are faire, This diſh doth me beſt pleaſe,
When I find her gnawing a wreathe of Bayes:
For her chiefe food, *Is well deſerued praiſe.*

47. *To a handſome Whore.*

One told me, what a pretty face thou haſt;
And it's great pitty that thou art not *chaſte*.

But I did tell him, that did tell it me,
That if thou wert not *Faire*, thou *chaſte* wouldſt be.

48. *The mad life of a mad Sea-man of Warre.*

He liues, and thriues by death, and by decay,
He drinkes, ſweares, curſeth, ſometimes he doth pray,
That he may meet ſomewhat to be his prey,
And ſpends the reſt in ſleepe, at meat, at play.

49. *Of the Gunpowder Holly-day, the 5. of Nouember.*

The *Powder-Traytors*, *Guy Vaux*, and his mates,
Who by a Helliſh plot ſought Saints eſtates,
Haue in our Kalender vnto their ſhame,
A ioyfull *Holy-day* cald by their *Name*.

50. *On theſe blacke Saints.*

The firſt day of Nouember is alway,
All-*Saints* feaſt: and the fift, all-*Deuils day*.

51. *To a great Gameſter.*

Saint *Paul* doth bid vs *Pray continually*,
But thou would'ſt rather *Play continually*.

52. *Moſt men are miſtaken. To Mr.* Robert Grimes.

Good, bad, rich, poore, the fooliſh, and the ſage,
Doe all cry out againſt the *preſent age*,
Ignorance made vs thinke our young *Times* good;
Our elder dayes are better vnderſtood;
Beſides, griefes paſt we eaſily forget;
Preſent diſpleaſures make vs ſad, or fret.

53. *The Tree of Sanctification.*

Firſt growes the Tree, and then the *Leaues* doe grow;
Theſe two muſt ſpring before the *fruite* can ſhew:
Faith is a firme *Tree*, *Hope*, like ſhaking *Leaues*,
From theſe two, *Charity* her *Fruits* receiues.
Faith without *Hope*, and *Loue*, is a dead *Tree*,
Hope without *Loue*, and *Faith*, greene cannot be.
Loue without *Hope* and firme Faith is no more
Then hanſome Fruit without, rotten at core.

54. *Real preſence* } } *Each contradict*
Praying to Saints. } } *the other.*

If Chriſt be reall, corporall in the *bread*,
After the *Conſecrating* words are ſaid:

What need you goe to Saints, ſince you may take him
And vſe him as you pleaſe like them that bake him?

55. *An Antidote for Drunkards.*

If that your heads would ake before you drinke
As afterwards, you'd ne'r be drunke, I thinke.

56. *Womens Tyers.*

Womens head-laces and high towring wyres,
Significantly, rightly are cald tyres;
They tyre them and their Maides in putting on,
Tyre Tyremakers, with variation.
I thinke to pay for them, doth *tyre* ſome men;
I hope they'll *tyre* the Deuill that inuents them.

57. *The Gyant.*

I'm but a man, though I in length exceed.

The Dwarfe.

Though I want length, a *Man* I am indeed.

The Gyant to the Dwarfe.

My *Syre* out-ſhot the marke, begetting me.
Thy Father ſhot too ſhort, when he made thee.

The Dwarfe to the Gyant.

Although ſhort ſhooting often loſe the game,
To ouer-ſhoot the marke, is as much ſhame.

58. *To a nameleſſe Friend, whoſe head is ſaid to be full of Proclamations.*

To fill the head with *Proclamations*,
Is no diſgrace, ſo they be well penn'd ones.

59. *The good of puniſhment.*

Plagues make proud, big, ſwolne hearts, fall low againe:
As *Cauſticks* bate proud *fleſh*, though with much paine.

60. *A Chyrurgions good qualities.*

To my good friend Mr. P. S. *Chyrurgion.*

A Surgion ſhould haue, well to vſe his art,
Ladyes hands, Eagles eyes, A Lyons heart.
Not one of theſe good properties you lacke,
But when you hide them in the white ſtrong Sacke.

61. *A Pill to purge Bribery.*

Thoſe that doe liue heere by *Corruption*,
Shall dye in the next generation.

62. Pa-

62. *Papisticall faith.*
What a strange doubtfull blind no-Faith you hold,
Which cannot be *imagind, held, or told?*
What *Lay-men* know not, *Clarks* doe thinke they know,
Sayes the Pope otherwise, It is not so.
The *Weather-Cocke* of your *Religion*
Is in the Popes shifting Opinion.

63. *Some poore comfort for these Multifidians.*
If this *Pope*, Millions drawes with him to Hell,
The next wise *Pope* may reset all things well.

Boniface Arch-Bi. of Mentz. apud Gratian. Dig. 40.

64. *Spirituall weapons to encounter with Satan.*
To my loving and good Aunt, Mistris Elizabeth Spicer *of Exceter, mother to Doctor* Richard Spicer *Physition.*
These are strong Armes to buckle with the Deuill,
Fasting, Faith, Prayer, bearing, forbearing euill:
If with these weapons God doe vs assist,
Satan will ne'r stand to it, nor resist.

65. *Confidence ill vsed, and Confidence abused.*
Cursed is he that puts his confidence
In Man: *Onely in man is* the right sense.
And that *Man* shall like punishment receiue,
Who doth an honest *Confidence* deceiue.

Ierem. 17. 5.

66. *A Caueat for buyers and sellers.*
In this world *silly buyers* must beware:
In the next world, *deare sellers of bad ware.*

67. *To Politike Bankerupt.*
Thou hast broke fiue times; thou wilt breake once more:
What a braue *Tilter* thou wouldst make therefore!

68. *A mad answer of a Mad man.*
One askt a Mad-man, if a wife he had?
A wife (quoth he) I neuer was so mad.

69. *A lusty Widdow, to one of her Sutors.*
To haue me, thou tel'st me, on me thou'lt *dote.*
I tell thee, Who hath me, on me must doo't,
I may be coozen'd; but sure if I can,
Ile haue no *doting*, but a *dooing* man.

70. *To Mammonnists,*
who put their trust in vncertaine Riches.

Some haue too many goods: some would haue none:
You haue too many, though you haue but one;
For yellow *Mammon* is your God alone.

71. *God and Mammon.*

Seruice to God, and Mammon none can doe:
Yet we may serue God, and haue *Mammon* too:

72. *There is no fooling with Edge-tooles.*
To a Friend.

Thou hast sped well in many a former plot,
Thou vndertook'st a great one, fail'st in that,
Men must haue Mittons on, to shoo a Cat.

73. *My Iudgement on Men of Iudgement.*
To a kind Friend.

Thou talk'st of men of Iudgement. Who are they?
Those, whose conceits successe doth still obey.
Wise mens, wise counsell, is but their conceits;
If they speed ill, they are sad wise deceits.

74. *To all the shrewd Wiues that are, or shall be planted in New-found-land.*

If mad-men, Drunkards, Children, or a Foole,
Wrong *sober, discreet men* with tongue or toole,
We say, Such things are to be borne withall.
We say so too, if Women fight, or brawle.

75. *Some preuention for some of these misdoers.*

Mad men are bound; Drunkards are laid to sleepe:
Fooles beaten are; Toyes Children quiet keepe:
I wish vnruly *Shrewes* were turnd to *Sheepe.*

76. *Masters Behauiour.*

To my good Friend Master Thomas Mil-ware, *of Harbor-Grace in Newfound-land.*

Sterne, cruell vsage may bad seruants fetter:
Wise gentle vsage, keepes good seruants better.

77. *Too much Familiarity breeds contempt.*

Though some wise men this *Prouerbe* doe apply,
For a defence of their austerity;
I thinke this way this *Prouerbe* might be meant,

Chiding too oft, brings *Chiding* in contempt.

79. *The foure Elements in Newfound-land.*

To the Worſhipfull Captaine Iohn Maſon, *who did wiſely and worthily gouerne there diuers yeeres.*

The Aire, in *Newfound-Land* is wholeſome, good;
The Fire, as ſweet as any made of wood;
The Waters, very rich, both ſalt and freſh;
The Earth more rich, you know it is no leſſe.
Where all are good, *Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire,*
What man made of theſe foure would not liue there?

80. *To all thoſe worthy Women, who haue any deſire to liue in Newfound-Land, ſpecially to the modeſt & diſcreet Gentlewoman Miſtris* Maſon, *wife to Captaine* Maſon, *who liued there diuers yeeres.*

Sweet Creatures, did you truely vnderſtand
The pleaſant life you'd liue in *Newfound-land*,
You would with *teares* deſire to be brought thither:
I wiſh you, when you goe, faire wind, faire weather:
For if you with the paſſage can diſpence,
When you are there, I know you'll ne'r come thence.

81. *To a worthy Friend, who often obiects the coldneſſe of the Winter in Newfound-Land, and may ſerue for all thoſe that haue the like conceit.*

You ſay that you would liue in *Newfound-land*,
Did not this one thing your conceit withſtand;
You feare the *Winters* cold, ſharp, piercing ayre.
They loue it beſt, that haue once winterd there.
Winter is there, ſhort, wholeſome, conſtant, cleare,
Not thicke, vnwholeſome, ſhuffling, as 'tis here.

82. *To the right worſhipfull* Iohn Slany, *Treaſurer to the Newfound-land Company, and to all the reſt of that Honorable Corporation.*

I know, that wiſe you are, and wiſe you were:
So was *hee* who this Action did preferre:
Yet ſome wiſe men doe argue otherwiſe,
And ſay *you* were not, or *you* are not wiſe:
They ſay, *you* were not wiſe to vndertake it:
Or that *you* are not wiſe thus to forſake it.

83. *Of the same Honorable Company.*

Diuers well-minded men, wise, rich, and able,
Did vndertake a plot inestimable,
The hopefull'st, easiest, healthi'st, iust plantation,
That ere was vndertaken by our *Nation*.
When they had wisely, worthily begunne,
For a few errors that athwart did runne,
(As euery action first is full of errors)
They fell off flat, retir'd at the first terrors.
As it is lamentably *strange* to me:
In the next age *incredible* 'twill be.

84. *To the right Honourable Sir* George Calvert, *Knight, late Principall Secretary to King* IAMES, *Baron of Baltomore, and Lord of Anulon in Newfound-land.*

Your worth hath got you Honour in your dayes.
It is my honour, you my verses praise.
O let your Honour cheerefully goe on;
End well your well begunne *Plantation*.
This holy hopefull worke you haue halfe done,
For best of any, you haue well begunne.
If you giue ouer what hath so well sped,
Your sollid wisedome will be questioned.

86. *To the same Nobleman.*

Yours is a holy just *Plantation*,
And not a iustling *supplantation*.

86. *To the right worthy, learned and wise, Master* William Vaughan, *chiefe Vndertaker for the Plantation in Cambrioll, the Southermost part of Newfound-Land, who with penne, purse, and Person hath, and will proue the worthines of that enterprise.*

It ioy'd my heart, when I did vnderstand
That your selfe would your *Colonie* command;
It greeu'd me much, when as I heard it told,
Sicknes had layd on you an vnkind hold.
Beleeue me, Sir, your *Colchos Cambrioll*
Is a sweet, pleasant, wholesome, gainefull soyle.

You

You ſhall find there what you doe want; Sweet health:
And what you doe not want, as ſweet; Sweet wealth.

87. *To the ſame induſtrious Gentleman, who in his golden golden-fleece ſtiles himſelfe* Orpheus Iunior.

Your noble humor indefatigable,
More vertuous, conſtant yet, then profitable,
Striuing to doe good, you haue loſt your part,
Whil'ſt leſſer loſſe hath broke ſome *Tradeſmens* heart:
Yet you proceed with perſon, purſe and penne,
Fitly attended with laborious men.
Goe on, wiſe Sir, with your old, bold, braue *Nation*
To your new *Cambriolls* rich *Plantation*,
Let *Dolphins* dance before you in the floods,
And play you, *Orpheus Iunior*, in her woods.

88. *Some Diſeaſes were neuer in* Newfound-land.

To the right worthy Miſtres, Anne Vaughan, *wife to Doctor* Vaughan, *who hath an honourable deſire to liue in that Land.*

Thoſe that liue here, how young, or old ſoeuer,
Were neuer vext with Cough, nor Aguiſh Feauer,
Nor euer was the Plague, nor ſmall Pox heere;
The *Aire* is ſo ſalubrious, conſtant, cleere:
Yet *ſcuruy Death* ſtalks heere with theeuiſh pace,
Knocks one downe here, two in an other place.

89. *To Sir* Richard Whitborne, *Knight, my deare friend, Sometime Lieutenant to Doctor* Vaughan *for his Plantation in* Newfound-Land, *who hath ſince publiſhed a worthy booke of that moſt hopefull Country.*

Who preaching well, doth doe, and liue as well,
His doing makes his preaching to excell:
For your wiſe, well-pend Booke this Land's your debter;
Doe as you write, you'le be beleeu'd the better.

90. *To my good Friend Mr.* Thomas Rowley, *who from the firſt Plantation hath liu'd in* Newfound-Land *little to his profit.*

When ſome demaund, Why rich you doe not grow?
I tell them, Your *kind nature* makes it ſo.

They say, that heere you might haue gotten wealth.
Adam in *Paradise* vndid himselfe.

91 *There is more gaine in an honest Enemy, then in a flattering Friend.*

A flattering Friend in's Commendations halts:
An honest Foe will tell me all my faults.

92. *To the right Honourable, Sir* Henry Cary, *Knight, Viscount* Faukeland, *Lord Deputy of* Ireland.

I ioy'd when you tooke part of *Newfound-Land*;
I grieu'd, to see it lye dead in your hand:
I ioy'd when you sent people to that Coast;
I grieu'd, when I sawe all that great charge lost.
Yet let your *Honor* try it once againe,
With wise, stayd, carefull honest-harted men,
I am to blame, you boldly to aduise:
For all that know you, know you wondrous wise:
Yet neere-hand, Dull bleare-ey'd may better see,
Then quicker cleare-ey'd, that a farre off bee.

93. *To the Honourable Knight, Sir* Perciuall Willoughbie, *who, to his great cost, and losse, aduentur'd in this action of* Newfound-Land.

Wise men, wise Sir, doe not the fire abhorre,
For once being sindg'd, more wary grow therefore.
Shall one disaster breed in you a terror?
With honest, meet, wise men mend your first error.
If with such men you would begin againe,
Honor and profit you would quickly gaine.
Beleeue him, who with griefe hath seene your share,
'Twould doe you good, were such men planted there.

94. *To my very good Friend, Mr.* Iohn Poyntz, *Esquire, one of the Planters of* Newfound-Land *in Doctor* Vaughans *Plantation.*

'Tis said, wise *Socrates* look't like an Asse;
Yet he with wondrous sapience filled was;
So though our *Newfound-Land* look wild, saluage,
She hath much wealth penn'd in her rustie Cage.
So haue I seene a leane-cheekes, bare, and ragged,
Who of his priuate thousands could haue bragged.

Indeed

Indeed she now lookes rude, vntowardly;
She must be decked with neat husbandry.
So haue I seene a plaine swarth, sluttish *Ione*,
Looke pretty pert, and neat with good cloathes on.

95. *To the right Honorable Knight, Sir* William Alexander, *Principall, and prime Planter in* New-Scotland: *To whom the King hath giuen a Royall gift to defray his great charges in that worthy busines.*

Great *Alexander* wept, and made sad mone,
Because there was but one *World* to be wonne.
It ioyes my heart, when such wise men as you,
Conquer new Worlds which that *Youth* neuer knew.
The King of Kings assist, blesse you from Heauen;
For our King hath you wise assistance giuen.
Wisely our King did aide on you bestow:
Wise are all Kings who all their gifts giue so.
'Tis well giuen, that is giuen to such a One,
For seruice done, or seruice to be done.
By all that know you, 'tis well vnderstood,
You will dispend it for your Countries good.
Old *Scotland* you made happy by your birth,
New-Scotland you will make a happy earth.

96. *To the same Wise, Learned, Religious Patriot, most Excellent Poet.*

You are a *Poet*, better ther's not any,
You haue one super-vertue 'mongst your many;
I wish I were your equall in the one,
And in the other your Companion.
With one I'd giue you your deserued due,
And with the other, serue and follow you.

97. *To the right Honourable, Sir* George Caluert, *Knight, Baron of* Baltamore, *and Lord of* Aualon *in* Britaniola, *who came ouer to see his Land there,* 1627.

Great *Shebae's* wise Queene traueld farre to see,
Whether the truth did with report agree.
You by report perswaded, laid out much,
Then wisely came to see, if it were such:
You came, and saw, admir'd what you had seene,

With like ſucceſſe as the wiſe *Sheba* Queene.
If euery *Sharer* heere would take like paine,
This Land would ſoone be peopled to their gaine.

98. *To the ſame right wiſe, and right worthy Noble-man.*

This ſhall be ſaid whil'ſt that the world doth ſtand,
Your *Honor* 'twas firſt *honoured* this *Land.*

99. *To the right worſhipfull Planters of Briſtoll-Hope in the new Kingdome of Britaniola.*

When I to you your *Briſtoll-Hope* commend,
Reck'ning your gaine, if you would thither ſend,
What you can ſpare: You little credit me:
The miſchiefe is, you'le not come here and ſee.
Here you would quickly ſee more then my ſelfe:
Then would you ſtyle it, *Briſtols-Hope* of wealth.

100. *To the right worſhipfull* William Robinſon *of Tinwell, in Rutland ſhire Eſquire, come ouer to ſee Newfound-Land with my Lord of Baltamore.* 1627.

Strange, not to ſee ſtones here aboue the ground,
Large vntrencht bottomes vnder water drown'd.
Hills, and Plaines full of trees, both ſmall, and great,
And dryer bottomes deepe of Turfe, and Peate.
When *England* was vſ'd for a Fiſhing place,
By Coaſters only, 'twas in the ſame caſe,
And ſo vnlouely 't had continued ſtill:
Had not our *Anceſtors* vſ'd paines, and skill:
How much bad ground with mattock and with ſpade,
Since we were borne, hath there beene good ground made?
You, and I rooted haue Trees, Brakes, and ſtone:
Both for ſucceeding good, and for our owne.

101. *To the firſt Planters of Newfound-land.*

What ayme you at in your *Plantation?*
Sought you the *Honour* of our *Nation?*
Or did you hope to raiſe your owne *renowne?*
Or elſe to adde a Kingdome to a *Crowne?*
Or *Chriſts* true *Doctrine* for to propagate?
Or drawe Saluages to a bleſſed ſtate?
Or our o're peopled *Kingdome* to relieue?
Or ſhew *poore men where* they may *richly liue?*

Or

Or poore mens children godly to maintaine?
Or amy'd *you at your owne sweete priuate gaine?*
All these you had *atchiu'd* before this day,
And all these you haue balk't by your delay.

102. *To my Reuerend kind friend, Master* Erasmus Sturton, *Preacher of the Word of God, and Parson of Ferry Land in the Prouince of Avalon in Newfound-Land.*

No man should be more welcome to this place,
Then such as you, Angels of *Peace*, and *Grace*;
As you were sent here by the *Lords* command,
Be you the blest *Apostle* of this Land;
To Infidels doe you Euangelize,
Making those that are *rude, sober* and *wise*.
I pray that *Lord* that did you hither send,
You may our *cursings, swearing, * iouring mend.*

* A word frequently vsed by the West-Countrymen, and signifies muttering or murmuring.

103. *To my very louing and discreet Friend, Master* Peter Miller *of Bristoll.*

You askt me once, What here was our chiefe dish?
In Winter, Fowle, in Summer choyce of Fish.
But wee should need good Stomackes, you may thinke,
To eate such kind of things which with you stinke,
As *Rauens, Crowes, Kytes, Otters, Foxes, Beares,*
Dogs, Cats, and Soyles, Eaglets, Hawks, Hounds, & Hares:
Yet we haue *Partriges*, and store of *Deare*,
And that (I thinke) with you is pretty cheere.
Yet let me tell you, Sir, what I loue best,
Its a *Poore-Iohn** thats cleane, and neatly dreest:
There's not a meat found in the Land, or Seas,
Can Stomacks better please, or lesse displease,
It is a fish of profit, and of pleasure,
Ile write more of it, when I haue more leisure:
There and much more are here the ancient store:
Since we came hither, we haue added more.

Dogs and Cats are fishes so call'd, and Hounds a kind of Fowle.

* Cald in French *Poure Gens*, in English corruptly *Poore John*, being the principall Fish brought out of this Countrie.

104. *To some discreet people, who thinke any body good enough for a Plantation.*

When you doe see an *idle, lewd*, young man,
You say hee's fit for our *Plantation*.
Knowing your selfe to be *rich, sober, wise*,

You set your owne worth at an higher price.
I say, such men as you are, were more fit,
And most conuenient for first peopling it :
Such men as you would quickly profit here :
Lewd, lazy Lubbers, want wit, grace, and care.

105. *To the famous, wise and learned Sisters, the two Vniuersities of England, Oxford and Cambridge.*

The ancient Iewes did take a world of paine,
And traueld farre some *Proselites* to gaine :
The busie pated *Iesuites* in our dayes,
To make some theirs, doe compasse Land and Seas :
The *Mahumetan*, *Heathen*, moderne *Iew*,
Doe daily striue to make some of their crue :
Yet to our shame we idly doe stand still,
And suffer God, his number vp to fill.
Yee worthy *Sisters*, raze this imputation,
Send forth your Sonnes vnto our *New Plantation* ;
Yet send such as are *Holy*, *wise*, and *able*,
That may build *Christs Church*, as these doe build *Babel*.
*Mat. 5. 20. If you exceed not these in * *Righteousnes*,
I need not tell your *Wisedomes* the successe.

106. *To answer a Friend, who asked me, Why I did not compose some Encomiasticke, in praise of Noble men and Great Courtiers,*

As my friend Iohn Owen *hath done.*

I knew the Court well in the old *Queenes* dayes;
I then knew *Worthies* worthy of great praise:
But now I am there such a stranger growne,
That none doe know me there, there I know none.
Those few I here obserue with commendation,
Are *Famous Starres* in our *New Constellation.*

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF QVODLIBETS.

Iuſtice Epigram.

KIngs doe correct thoſe that *Rebellious* are,
And their good *Subiects* worthily preferre:
Iuſt Epigrams reproue thoſe that *offend*,
And thoſe that *vertuous* are, *ſhe* doth commend.

2. *To my delicate Readers.*

When I doe read others neate, dainty lines,
I almoſt doe deſpaire of my rude rimes:
Yet I haue fetch't them farre, they coſt me deare,
Deare and farre fetcht (they ſay) *is Ladies cheere.*

1. *To my zealous, and honeſt friend, Maſter W. B. of Briſtoll.*

If thou canſt not to thy preferrement come,
To be *Chriſts red Roſe* in *beſt* martyrdome;
With *Patience, Faith, Hope, Loue, and Conſtancie,*
A pure *bleſt, white Roſe* in *Chriſts* Garden dye.

4. *Gods Loue: The Deuils Malice.*

He that *made* man, only deſires mans *heart*:
He that *mard* man, tempts man in euery part.

5. *God rewards thankefull men.*

What part of the *Moon's* body doth reflect
Her borrowed beames, yeeldeth a faire proſpect;
But that part of her, that doth not doe ſo,
Spotty, or darke, or not at all doth ſhow:
So what wee doe reflect on *God the giuer*,
With thankefulnes: thoſe *Graces* ſhine for euer:
But if his *gifts* thou challeng'ſt to be thine,
They'll neuer doe thee *Grace*, nor make thee ſhine.

6. *To a diſſembling, ſober, ſlye Proteſtor.*

'Tis ſo, or ſo, *as I'me an honeſt man*,
Is thy aſſuring *Proteſtation*,
When it's *as true* as thou art *ſuch a one.*

7. Diſſem-

7. *Dissemblers coozen themselues.*

Whilst in this life *Dissemblers* coozen some,
Themselues they coozen of the life to come.

8. *On a wide-mouthed prating companion.*

He prates, and talkes, and railes, and no man heares.
Yet he hath *mouth*, to make a skore of Eares.

9. *Latin Prayers by number.*

Christ spake no *Latin*, though he could doe so,
Nor any of his *Twelue*, for ought I know.
Why should you in that tongue pray by the skore?
It is the *Language* of the *Mounted Whore*.
Somewhat more merrily; here lies the iest:
Most of *hers* speake the *Language* of *her Beast*.
In such *Hobgoblin* words they sing, and pray,
Scaliger full-tongu'd knowes not what they say.

10. *To the Bishop of* Rome.

Greg. lib. 4 Epist. 32. and 36.

Of Bishops I dare stile *you Principall*,
'Tis *Antichristian* to be *Generall*.

11. *A wife more deare then sweet. To a complementing kinde Husband.*

Come hither, *deare wife*, prethee *sweet wife* goe,
Sweet wife, doe this, or *deare wife*, pray' doe so.
She's *deare* indeed, but not so *sweet*, I trow.

12. *Plaisters for a Gald-heart.*

On euery married man that hath a *Shrowe*,
(As many a married man hath one, I trow;)
These foure, poore, pittious *plaisters* I bestow,
Except their wiues death, the best helpe I know.
1 Or to thy friend reueale thy wofull plight;
2 Or let her hot words thee inflame to fight;
3 Or else withdraw thy selfe from her by flight;
4 Or with thy patience all her wrongings slight.

13. *A husbands desire to his Wife.*

Laugh with me, make me *laugh*, whilst I doe liue:
When I dye, choose where thou'lt *laugh* or grieue.

14. *To a weeping Widdow.*

Thy *Husband's* dead, and thou dost *weepe* therefore,
No: 'tis, cause thou canst make him *weepe* no more.

15. *Ill-fauoured Huſwifery. To one ſhrewdly married.*
Though you fall out, yet you agree herein,
When as thy wife doth waſh, then doo'ſt thou wring.

16. *To all Chollericke People.*
Shrewdnes is like vnto a *Grauesend toaſt*,
Abhorred by thoſe that doe vſe it moſt.
In vs we doe contentedly it beare,
We cry, Fought at it, finding it elſe-where.
If *Shrewes* ſay they cannot their Choller ſmother,
I ſay, For healths ſake we muſt vent that other.
'Tis hugg'd *at home*, *abroad*, at home it is abhor'd,
Thence I conclude *Shrewdnes* is like a T.

17. *To thoſe who I feare will find fault with this Compariſon.*
If you will ſay that this is odious,
Compariſons are ſo; this ſhould be thus.

18. *Reaſons for the taking of Tobacco.*
Since moſt *Phiſicions* drinke *Tobacco* ſtill,
And they of nature haue th'exacteſt skill,
Why ſhould I thinke it for my body ill?
And ſince moſt *Preachers* of our *Nation*,
Tobacco drinke with moderation,
Why ſhould I feare of prophanation?
Yet if that I take it intemperately,
My ſoule and body may be hurt thereby.

19. *The fine Properties of good Tobacco.*
Tobacco to be good, it muſt be *ſtrong*,
Cleare ſmoak't, white aſhes, hard and *laſting long.*

20. *A Citty Sheriffe.*
Before, and after, ſparing he doth liue,
Brauely he ſpends, when he is *Maſter Shrieue.*

21. *Si Sennior : Spaniard.*
Signore Si : Italian.
Of *Spaniards* and *Italians* thus I find,
As Arſee-verſee *they* auerre their mind.
So one before, the other ſins behind.

22. *Why* Aſtrea *left the Earth.*
On earth *Aſtrea* held the Ballance euen:
But ſhe long ſince with them is fled to heauen.

Why hath *Astrea* bid this world Adieu?
Her Lease was out, She would not buy a new.

23. *On a Priuate, Rich, close-liuing Churle, alluding to him in* Terence, *who of himselfe sayes, Populus me sibulat, &c.*

Walking abroad like a great *Turkie-Cocke*,
Some fleere, some geere, eu'ry one doth me mocke:
At home amongst my *puddings* and my *eggs*,
I hugge my selfe, looking on my full bags,
Finding my selfe Fortunes white sonne to be,
I laugh at them, that euen now laugh't at me.

24. *To the same fellow.*

Thou art deceiu'd, selfe-flattering-golden *Asse*,
Whil'st thou behold'st thy selfe in a false *Glasse*.

25. *To the Pope.*

Christ said vnto the people, *Reade and see*
The Scriptures: for *they testifie of me*.
Wherefore didst thou thine reading them deny?
That thou art *Antichrist*, they testifie;

26. *Papisticall cruelty.*

Were there no other argument but this,
It proues our faith, then yours the better is.
We are not cruell, bloody, enuious,
(Though your late-lying *Legends* slander vs)
We meekely seeke but your *Conuersion*,
Weepe at your sought for *Execution*:
You bloody, slanderous, and inexorable
At all times, euery where, where you are able;
Witnes *Maries* short Raigne, *French Massacre*,
Which in red letters, your lewd minds declare.
Our *God*, though *Iust*, his mercy's ouer all,
A blood-sucker, *Satan* was from his fall.

27. *A Prayer hereupon, to the God of Iustice.*

When thou for blood mak'st inquisition,
Thinke on the bloody *Inquisition*.

28. *To our wise Roman Diuines.*

Why enforce yee a *blind obedience*?
All else would see your *Glosses* enforc't *sence*.

29. *Why*

29. *Why the fiue-footed Iambicke fits beſt in our Engliſh verſe.*

Iambicks in our language haue beſt grace:
They with graue *Spondues* dance a Cinquepace:
If wanton *Dactils* doe skip in by chance,
They well-neere marre the meaſure of the *Dance:*
To end a verſe, ſhe may a foot be lending,
Like to a round tricke at a *Galliards* ending.

30. *To the Diuine ſoule of that excellent Epigrammatiſt, Maſter* Iohn Owen.

Let thy *Celeſtiall Manes* pardon me,
If like thy ſhaddow I haue followed thee.

32. *Why Preachers ſtand, and Auditors ſit. To his louing Friend, Maſter Robert Burton.*

Would'ſt know why *Preachers ſtand*, and we doe *ſit?*
Becauſe what they ſpeake with, or without wit,
Not we, but they themſelues muſt *ſtand* to it.

33. *What Proſperity cannot perſwade, Aduerſity will enforce.*

He that in *Zeale* is calme, in calmes at Sea,
In ſtormes if he haue *Zeale*, in *Zeale*, he'le pray;
So though our *Zeale* be cold whil'ſt *Fortune* ſhines,
'Twill be more feruent in tempeſtuous times.

34. *To a Friend.*

Shew ſuch as mine to young-briske *Butterflyes*,
(Who haue as many hearts as they haue eyes,)
They'll ſweare to you, *The beſt that e're they ſaw:*
Behinde your backe, *They are not worth a ſtraw.*
This ſhuffling ſhewes, that in their Puffe-paſte wit,
Momus and *Gnato* doe at random ſit.

35. *Talking Beaſts.*

When *Æſop* ſaid Beaſts ſpake; *Æſop* ſaid true.
I heard *Beaſts* ſpeake wit hin this day or two.

36. *The Gowte.*

'Tis ſaid, that rich men only haue the *Gowt*,
Of that old-ruſty-ſad ſaw, I make doubt.

Indeed the *Gowt*, the child is of *rich men*;
This froward Elfe, poore men *nurſe* now and then.

37. *When I was of Lincolns Inne, the faſhion was, (and I thinke is ſtill) after dinner vpon grand and feſtiuall dayes, ſome young Gentlemen of the houſe would take the beſt Gueſt by the hand, and be the next, and ſo hand in hand they did ſolemnly paſſe about the fire, the whole Company, each after other in order; to euery ſtaffe a ſong, (which I could neuer ſing) the whole Company did with a ioyn'd voyce ſing this burthen:*

Some mirth and ſolace now let vs make,
To cheare our hearts, and ſorrowes ſlake.

Vpon this kind of Commencement of theſe Reuels, I conceited this:

When wiſe, rich *Lawyers* dance about the fire,
Making graue needleſſe mirth ſorrowes to ſlacke.
If *Clyents* (who doe *them* too dearely hire,
Who want their money, and their comfort lacke)
Should for their ſolace, dance about the Hall:
I iudge their dance were more methodicall.

38. *An old Prouerb, though a ſtrange one, truely exemplified.*

A Prouerb 'tis, how true I cannot tell,
Happy are thoſe, whoſe fathers goe to hell,
Sure, ſome would thinke, their happineſſe it were,
If their cloſe-fiſted *fathers* in *hell* were,
That they may of his wealth haue out their ſhare.
For whil'ſt they liue, but little they will ſpare.

39. *To a nameleſſe one.*

Thou marri'ſt one, whom thou before didſt know:
It is the faſhion now to marry ſo.

40. *The firſt Arithmeticke.*

Numration. *Adam* at firſt in *number* was but one;
Addition. Vntill *God added Eue*, he was alone:
Diuiſion. They were *deuided*, till the *Lord* them ioynes,
Multiplication. And bade them *multiply* out of *their Loynes*:
Subſtraction. And ſo from them *ſubſtracted* are all *Nations*,
Vnto theſe preſent *Generations*.

41. *The ſeeming good workes of vnbeleeuers.*

The glorious deeds of *vnbeleeuing* ones,
Are glittering cleare *abominations*;
So ſaid St. *Hierom*: and thus ſaith St *Paul*,
They're ſhining braſſe, and a tinkling Cymball.
For *good workes* without *faith* and *louing feare*,
Doe neither pleaſe *Gods eye*, nor yet his eare.

42. *Heauenly, and Earthly hearts.*

The *Earth* is firme, the *Heauens* mutable,
Yet *Heauenly* mindes are firme, *Earthly* vnſtable.

43. *To a ſuperſtitious Papiſt, fearefull of Purgatory, who to his coſt deſires to haue a quick diſpatch from that fearefull place.*

With *faith* pray feruently, *religious liue*;
Thou need'ſt no money, for an *Obit leaue*,
Thy ſoule in *Purgatory* to relieue.

44. *To rich Papiſts.*

If the *Popes Sawes* by his *authority*,
Were truer then Chriſts written *Verity*;
Thoſe rich men, Aſſes were, that went to Hell,
If they within *Romes Churches* limits dwell:
For though you ne'r ſo lewdly ſpend your breath,
Your Coyne will buy you *Pardons* after death.

Contrary to Chriſts ſaying, Mat. 19. 23, 24.

45. *An humble, contrite, and a double-deuided heart.*

Gods fauour breaks forth on *a broken heart*:
But in *a parted one God* hath *no part*.

46. *A ſhort Dialogue betwixt two ancient Philoſophers, laughing* Democritus, *and weeping* Heraclitus.

Heraclitus.

Vaine, fooliſh man, why doſt thou alwaies laugh?

Democritus.

Mans vanity, and fooliſh pride I ſcoffe,
Wherefore doſt thou ſuch a ſtrange puling keepe?

Heraclitus.

For mans bad ſinnes, ſad miſeries I weepe.

47. *Counsell to my young Cousens,*

John *and* William Barker, } } *Sonnes to my Brother*
Abel *and* Mathew Rogers, } } Barker, *and his now wife.*

Ill Company is like Infection,
It soone taints a good disposition.
Take heed into what Company yee fall:
Vice is a sicknes *Epidemicall.*

48. *To one, who on his Gossips pratlings in a dangerous disease, thinks and hopes so much of his Recouery, that hee neglects the consideration of his Mortality.*

'Cause some haue scap'd that haue beene almost dead,
Thou think'st that thou may'st be recouered:
But because many healthy men doe dye,
I thinke on that, knowing that so may I.

49. *To my Reuerend sicke friend,* W. G. *of* Bristoll.

Not quiet, an vsuall phrase for sickness in *Deuonshire.*

When folke are sicke, we say, *They are not well.*
My Country phrase is, *That they are not quiet.*
Both of these phrases fit all those that mell
With *Physicke Doses,* and *prescribed dyet.*
The first of these two phrases fit *sicke men:*
The last fits best *Women* and *Children.*

50. *Papisticall Miracles.*

Primitiue miracles were strange and true,
And did confirme the *Doctrine* then held new.
Yours falsely, faign'd, ridiculous, and bold,
Bolster new Doctrines, contradict the old.
Your apparitions, new-faign'd miracles,
Doe ouerthrowe the *ancient Articles.*

51. *An Aduertisement to all Tradesmen, and may serue for Souldiers, or any others subiect to Casualtie.*

Who doth refuse a reasonable *proffer,*
Had need to haue good *Fortune* in his Coffer.

52. *To a Card-Cheater.*

To *Cut,* and *shuffle,* in a Horse is ill:
To *shuffle,* and to *Cut,* is thy prime skill.

53. *To one that hath lost both his eares.*

Some that haue *two eares,* heare not what we say:
Thou that hast *not an eare,* hear'st more then they.

54. *Whome Diſcretion doth not, Correction will keepe vnder.*
It head-ſtrong Iades will not *Gods Bit* obey,
His *Rod* will whippe their reſtines away.

Ne quid nimis.

55. *A meditation of too much and too little Winde at Sea, wracking Stormes, and ſtaruing Calmes.*
Mans ſtate on ſhore, is like mans ſtate at Sea;
Too much, too little, cauſeth ſad decay;
Hence Poets fained *Fortune* herctofore
Sayling, one foote on Sea, and one on ſhore.

56 *Fearefull Hell-Fire.*
At ſight of *fire*, bold Lyons runne away
Bold ſinners, who men fearing ſinne, vpbray:
The ſight of *Hell-fire* will theſe Lads diſmay.

57. *To Sir* Senix Fornicator.
Winter hath ſeaz'd vpon thy beard, and head,
Yet for all this, thy wilde Oates are not ſhed.
Me thinkes when Hills are ouerſpred with Snow,
It ſhould not wantonly be hot below.
But thou moſt like vnto a *Leeke* doſt ſeeme:
For though thy head be *white*, thy tayle is *green*.

58. *Some ſtanders by ſee more* } *then Gamſters.*
Some ſtanders by leeſe more }
Some wiſe by-ſtanders more then Gameſters ſees;
Some ſtanders by more then wiſe Gameſters leeſe.

59. *To nobly deſcended Recuſants.*
'Tis ſaid, you came from noble *Anceſtors*,
Who did ſtrange wonders in the old French warres,
You ſay you are of their Religion,
And that it is the *true and ancient one:*
It was your *Anceſtors*, for ought I know:
But *new*, *vntrue*, Gods *old true* Word ſayes ſo.

60. *Traditions and Gods Word. To Papiſts.*
'Twixt your *beliefe*, and our *Religion*,
There hath beene long, and ſtrong contention:
You proue yours by *mens word*: but we abhorre it:
Our proofe is better, we haue *Gods Word* for it.

61. To

61. *To one that askt me why I doe write so briefely.*

What I doe write of, I but only touch,
Who writes of many things cannot write much,
Or thus,
Who writes of many things, must needs write much.

62. *To my kinde louing bedfellow, Mr.* Edward Payne, *on the Gift of a Ring, wherein there was a Poesie of Patience.*

In your last gift you wish me *Patience.*
I know you meane it in the better sence;
Not a sad, bad, stout *patience, Stoicall.*
But one that knowes, that God sends, and mends all.

63. *Wise mens ill successe, and Fooles Fortune.*
A Paradox.

As many *Wise men* hurt themselues through wit,
As there are *fools* grow rich, for want of it.

64. *To the Pope.*

Wherefore should'st thou blinde Ignorance inhance?
(On which all Wiser times did looke ascance?)
Saying it doth deuotion much aduance?
All thy mysterious skill, is Ignorance.

65. *One of the Popes titles is, Seruant of Seruants.*

Seruant of Seruants, *Popes* themselues haue nam'd,
*Gen. 9. 25. By that stile curst * *Canaan* was defam'd.

66. *All things are vendible at* Rome.

In *Romes* full shop *are sold* all kindes of *ware,*
*Reuel. 8. 12. * Mens soules purg'd, fyre-new, you may *buy* there.

67. *To fault-finding more faulty Zoilus.*

When others faults thou dost with spite reueale,
The *Kettle twits the pot with his burnt taile.*

68. *To a hard-fauour'd rich Widdow, who, because she hath many Suitors, thinkes well of her selfe.*

We know thee *rich,* and thou think'st thy selfe *fine:*
Thou think'st we loue *thee,* we know we loue *thine.*

69. *Why Physicians thriue not in* Bristoll.

In *Bristoll* Water-tumblers get small wealth:
There *Doctor good-wine* keepes them all in health.

70. *To my Readers.*

An Arſee-verſee Reqneſt, to my Friend Iohn Owen. *Owen, Lib. 1. Epig. 172.*

Doe not with my leaues make thy backeſide bright:
Rather with them doe thou *Tobacco* light.
I'd rather haue them vp in flames to flye,
Then to be ſtiffled baſely priuily.

71. *Health and Wealth.*

Health is a Iewell, yet though ſhining *wealth*,
Can buy rich *Iewels*, it cannot buy *health*.

72. *To Innocators of Saints.*

To *Saints* you offer ſupplication,
And ſay, *Gods* face beholding, they them know.
This is a ſtrange bold *ſpeculation*.
Whence came the *Doctor* that firſt told you ſo?
In *Gods* Word wee doe read, that *God* ſees all:
Of ſuch a glaſſe no mention made at all.

73. *To thoſe Papiſts, who ſhew their ignorant Deuotion in their Aue Maries.*

How long ſhall Ignorance lead you aſtray?
Whil'ſt to our Lady you'd a prayer ſay,
You her ſalute, and needleſſe for her pray.

74. *To one of the Elders of the ſanctified Parlor of Amſterdam.*

Though thou maiſt call my merriments, my folly,
They are my Pills to purge my melancholly,
They would purge thine too, wert not thou *Foole-holy*.

75. *Great mens entertainement.*

Though *rich* mens *troubles*, *kindnes* are eſteem'd,
Yet *poore* mens *kindnes*, *troubles* are ſtill deem'd.

77. *To a Bad-minded, Cholericke, vngratefull man.*

Thou ſoone forget'ſt thoſe wrongs thou doſt to Men:
All ſmall wrongs done to thee thou doſt remember;
Euery good turne thou doſt, thou count'ſt it ten:
For good done to thee, thy record is ſlender.
Kindnes from thee, like vomits make thee ſweate;
Thou ſwallow'ſt others kindnes as thy meate.

78. *To Master* Fabian Sanford, *Master of our Shippe and voyage in Newfound-Land, and may serue for all Masters trading there.*

Men wearied are with *labour* other-where:
But you are weary, when you want it here.
And what in *England* would quite tire a horse,
Here the want of it, tyres you ten times worse.
Labour was first a curse to curbe mans pride;
The want of it, makes you to *curse, chafe, chide.*
To see you worke thus, better would me please,
Did you not worke thus vpon *Sabbath Dayes.*

79. *Goodnes and Greatnes.*
To my good and louing Cousin, Mistris Thomasin Spicer, *wife to Doctor* Richard Spicer, *Physicion.*

Goodnes and *Greatnes* falling at debate,
Which should be highest in mens estimate;
After much strife, they vpon this did rest,
Great-goodnes and *Good-greatnes* is the best.

80. Mary Magdalens *Teares.*
To my pretty Neece, Marie Barker.

To wash *Christs* feet, *Maries Bath* was her *teares,*
To wipe them drie, her *Towell* was her *haires:*
What her *teares* could not cleanse, nor *haires makes dry,*
Her *Corrall lips* did wipe, and mundifie.
She did anoynt him with a sweet, rich *oyle,*
And spared for no cost, nor for no toyle:
This Storie merits to be Registred,
And to be practised as well as read.

81. *To my Neece and God-daughter,* Grace Barker.

I promist, you should doe good, and fly ill,
Before that you had *power*, or *will*, or skill.
Lame Nature I knew could not walke that pace,
Without *Gods Grace:* therefore I nam'd you *Grace.*
Let mild *Grace* so sway *Nature* in you then,
That you may obtaine *Grace* with *God* and *Men.*

82. *To a nameleſſe, wiſe, modeſt, faire Gentlewoman, my louing and kind Friend, whom reciprocally I loue as hartily.*

Iuno is wealth, *Pallas* is vertue, wit,
Venus Loue, beautie is in *Poets* writ:
Pallas, and *Venus* haue in you their *treaſure*,
Why ſhould hard *Iuno* offer vs ſuch meaſure?

83. *To our moſt Royall Queene* MARY, *Wife, Daughter, and Siſter to three Famous Kings.*

Venus, and *Pallas*, at your birth conſpir'd,
To make a worke, of all to be *admir'd:*
Venus with *admir'd* feature did you grace,
Diuine complection, an Angellike face.
Pallas inſpir'd a quicke, ſweet, nimble ſpirit,
Vertue, and wit, of *admirable* merit,
But I *admire* them moſt, how they could place
So much; ſo *admirable* in ſo ſmall ſpace:
And they themſelues *admir'd* when they had ended,
A Piece which they knew could not be amended.

84. *To the ſame moſt Royall Queene.*

When wiſe *Columbus* offerd his *New-land*,
To *Wiſe men*, they him held, vaine, fooliſh, fond,
Yet a *wiſe Woman*, of an happy wit,
With god ſucceſſe aduentur'd vpon it:
Then the wiſe-men their *wiſedomes* did repent,
And their *heires* ſince their follies doe lament.
My *New-land* (*Madam*) is already knowne,
The way the ayre, the earth, all therein growne,
It only wants a *Woman* of your ſpirit,
To mak't a Land fit for your *Heires* t'inherit.
Sweet, dreaded *Queene*, your helpe here will doe well:
Be here a *Famous ſecond Iſabell.*

85. *A Newfound-land Poeticall Picture, of the admirable exactly featur'd young Gentlewoman, Miſtris* Anne Lowe, *eldeſt Daughter to Sir* Gabriel Lowe, *Knight, my delicate Miſtris.*

The Preface to her Picture.

At ſight, Loue drewe your picture on my heart,

In *Newfound-Land* I limm'd it by my Art.

86. *The Pourtraite.*

If *Paris* vpon *Ida* hill had ſeene
You 'mongſt the *Three*, the *Apple* yours had beene.
* Had curious *Zeuxis* ſeene your-all-excelling,
Whilſt *Iunoes* Picture he was pencelling;
You had him eaſ'd in his *various collection*:
For *Beautie* hath in you a full *Connection*.

**Zeuxis* drawing this picture had all the choice beauties of *Greece* naked before him

87. *To the faire and vertuous Gentlewoman, Miſtris* Mary Winter, *the younger, worthy of all loue.*

Your budding beauty, wit, grace, modeſty,
I did admire, euen in your infancy,
Theſe bleſſed buds, each growne to a faire flowre,
Much haue I lou'd, ſince my firſt lawfull houre.
Whome few *croſſe-Winters* haue made old and ſad,
One ſuch fayre *Winter* would make young and glad.

88. *To the ſame beauteous modeſt Virgin,* an Ænigma.

Had not falſe ſhuffling *Fortune* paltered,
Hymen had *Hyems* long ſince altered.

88. *To a faire modeſt Creature, who deſerues a worthy name, though ſhe deſires here to be nameleſſe.*

Niggardly *Venus* beauty doth impart
To diuers diuerſly, and but in part.
To one a dainty Eye, a cherry Cheeke:
To ſome, a tempting Lip, Breſts white and ſleeke:
To diuers ill-ſhap'd bodies, a ſweet face:
Cleane made Legs, or a white hand, doth ſome grace,
On *Thee* more free her gifts *She* doth beſtow;
For *Shee* hath ſet *Thee* out in *Folio*.

90. *To my outwardly faire, and inwardly vertuous kind friend, Miſtris* Marie Rogers, *widdow, ſince married to Maſter* Iohn Barker *of Briſtoll, Merchant, my kind and louing Brother in Law.*

Lillies, and *Roſes* on your face are ſpred,
Yet truſt not too much to your *white* and *red*:
Lillies will fade, *Roſes* their leaues will ſhed:
Theſe flowres may dye, long before you are dead.
Your *inward beautie* (which all doe not ſee)
Then *white* and *red*, and *you*, more laſting be.

91. *To the faire, vertuous, wittie widdow, Mistris* Sara Smeyths.

If it be true, (as some doe know too well;)
To *Louers Heauen*, we passe through *Louers Hell:*
Be confident, you shall enioy *Earths glorie*,
For you on *Earth* are past your *Purgatorie*.

92. *To my kind and worthy Friend, Mistris E. B. wife to Captaine H. B. By my Captaines leaue.*

Your *outward*, and your *inward graces* mone
My *tongue* to *praise* you, and my *heart* to *loue*.
I hope, it will not *God*, nor *man* offend,
If that in *Loue* your *vertues* I *commend:*
And by his *Leaue* who is yours in possession,
Ile *loue*, and *praise* your goodnes in reuersion.

93. *To my perpetuall Valentine, worthy Mistris* Mary Tayler, *wife to Master* Iohn Tayler *Merchant of Bristoll.*

My sweet discreet perpetuall Valentine,
In your faire brest *vertue* hath built a *Shrine*,
Bedecking it with flowres, *amongst* the rest,
Mild bearing *your not-bearing* is not least.
You know the worthy *husband* that you haue,
Is worth more *children* then some fondlings craue;
Besides the blessed *babes* begot by good,
More comforts bring then some of flesh and blood.
Kind *Valentine*, still let our comfort be,
Children there are ynow for *you* and *me*.

94. *To my best Cousin, Mistris Elizabeth* Flea, *wife to Master* Thomas Flea, *of Exeter Merchant.*

If one were safely lodg'd at his long rest,
I could wish you a *Flea* in my warme nest.
Who writes this, loues *Yee* both so well, he prayes,
Long may yee skip from *Death*, like nimble *Fleas*.

95. *To the faire modest, Mayd, pretty Mrs.* Martha Morris, *and of her handsome sister, Mistris* Marie Philips, *both of Bristoll.*

Though *Martha* were with *Mary* angrie for't,
Yet *Christ* told her, **She* chose the better part. **Luke 10.42.*

Faire, chaſte mayd *Martha*, you haue choſe the beſt:
1. Cor. 7. 34. Your ſiſter *Mary*, a life * of leſſe reſt.

96. *Another to the ſame, being ſince married.*

But ſince I heare that you haue chang'd your ſtate,
I wiſh your choice may proue kind, fortunate,
And that he may deſerue you euery deale;
He well deſerues, that doth deſerue you well.

97. *To the pretty, pert, forward greene, Miſtris L. B.*

Nature tooke time your pretty parts to forme,
She haſtes her worke in you, ſince you were borne,
Your *buds* are forward, though your *leaues* are greene:
I thinke you will be ripe at Eleuenteene.

98. *To the modeſt, and vertuous Widdow, Miſtris* Elizabeth Gye *of Briſtoll, whoſe dead Husband Maſter* Philip Gye, *was ſometimes Gouernour of the Plantation in* Newfound-Land, *where he, and ſhe liued many yeeres happily and contentedly.*

Though Fortune preſſe you with too hard a hand,
I heare, your heart is here, in *Newfound-Land.*

99. *To a debauſht Vniuerſity.*

A Complaint againſt Drunkenneſſe.

Thy Sonnes (*moſt famous Mother*) in old time,
To quench their thirſt, *Pernaſſus* hill did clime.
Some of thy Sonnes, now thinke that hill too ſteepe,
Their *Helliconian* ſprings doe lye more deepe.
Their ſtudy now is, where there is good drinke,
The *Spigot* is their *Pen*, ſtrong beere their *Inke.*
I could with *Democrit'* laugh at this ſinne,
If it in any other place had bin:
But in a place where all ſhould be decent,
A ſinne ſo naſtie, inconuenient,
So beaſtly, ſo abſurd, worthy diſdaine,
It ſtraines me quite out of my merry ſtraine.
I could with *Heraclit'* lament, and cry,
Or write complaints with wofull *Ieremy:*
Nay, much-much more, if that would expiate
What's paſt, or following follies extirpate.
Many *rare wits* hath it infatued,
Their climbing merits quite precipited, And

And hopes of ancient houſes ruined.
Fooles and baſe *ſots* this ſinne hath made of them,
That by ſobriety had beene braue men:
Yea I doe know, many wiſe men there be,
Which for this dare not truſt their Sonnes with thee,
Fearing this *Cerberus*, this *Dogge of Hell*,
Within whoſe Ward all other follies dwell.
I hope, thy Siſter better lookes to hers,
Indulgent *Elies* are thy Officers,
If they will not aſſiſt my motion,
To apply *Cauſticks*, and no *Lotium*;
Deare Mother, on my knees I beg this boone,
Afford this inconuenient Vice no roome,
But whip it in thy *Conuocation*,
Or ſtrip it of *Matriculation*.

100. *A ſhort Iigge after this long Lachryma Pauin.*

As drunke as an old Begger, once 'twas ſaid.
As drunke as a young Scholler, now we reade.

101. *To the Reuerend, Learned, Sober, and wiſe Gouernours in this Famous Vniuerſity.*

I heare, this ſinne you will ſhut out of doore:
It ioyes me ſo, that I can write no more.

102. *That euery one may take his. To my worthy Readers.*

Faire, modeſt, learned, ſober, wiſe, and wittie,
Praiſing I praiſe you, if thoſe praiſes fit yee.

103. *To my vnworthy Reader.*

Fond, wicked, miſſe-led, if thou guilty be,
Although I name thee not, yet I meane thee.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF QVODLIBETS.

An vnfiniſht Booke.

1. *To the Reader.*

SErmons and Epigrams haue a like end,
To improue, to reproue, and to amend:
Some paſſe without this vſe, 'cauſe they are witty;
And ſo doe many Sermons, more's the pitty.

2. *To the Reader.*

Of my ſmall courſe, poore *wares* I cannot boaſt:
Owen and others haue the choyce ingroſt:
And if that I on truſt haue ta'ne vp any;
Owen hath done ſo too, and ſo haue many.

3. *Redargution or payd with his owne money.*

When *Pontius* call'd his neighbour, Cuckold Aſſe,
Being mad to ſee him blinded, as he was,
His Wife him ſtanding by, repli'd anon:
Fie, *Huſband*, fie, y'are ſuch *another man.*
Nay, I doe know (quoth *Pontius*) that there be
Nine more in Towne, in as bad caſe as he.
Then you know ten, if you (quoth ſhe) ſay true.
Fye, *Huſband*, fie, what an *odde man* are you?

4. *Catholique, Apoſtolique Roman faith. To Papiſts.*

If the word *Catholique* yea truly ſtraine,
To neither of vs doth it appertaine.
Apoſtolique we dare our ſelues afford,
And proue it by their practice, and their word.
The now new Roman Faith yee ſtifly hold,
And brag of it, as if it were the old.

5. *To elder Pelagians, more fine later Papiſts and our refined Arminians.*

Though ſeu'rall wayes you one opinion twine,
'Twixt your conceipts there's but a little line:
For all of you with *free-grace* are too bold,
Withgood workes laying on preſumptuous hold.

With your weake works, binding your boundleſſe Maker,
Without whome, none can be an vndertaker.
Whilſt *God* tyes vs by Faith to doe good *deeds*,
You will *tye God* to you by your fond *Creeds*.
Satan, that lowres at *faithfull, fearefull* workes,
Likes your *good deed*, becauſe he knowes your querks.
At weake, faith-propt, due works Satan doth grieue:
At tip-toe good works, he *laughs* in his ſleeue.
It's *God* that giues vs grace, and makes vs able,
Hauing all done, we are vnprofitable.
Worke, and worke on with fond credulity,
Mercy with *faith* is our ſecurity.

6. A Chronagram *of the yeere wherein Queene* Elizabeth *dyed, and King* Iames *came to the Crowne of* England: *both of bleſſed memory.*

Wee MaDe a HappIe Change thIs Yeere.
M D C III.

This yeere of *Grace*, by Gods eſpeciall grace,
When all our foes expected our diſgrace,
God cruſht their malice, and allai'd our feare:
We *made a happy Change this Preſent yeere:*
A Change we made, but yet no Alteration;
Of former happines a tranſmigration:
Two froward Siſters long at enmity,
Became the birth-twinnes of *Virginity*,
From a chaſte, vertuous, bleſſed barren wombe,
From the *ill-boding North*, our *Spring* did come;
Whilſt many wiſe foreſeeing men did feare,
Who ſhould with quiet hes be the next *Heire*,
Our feares, ſo ſodainly to ioyes did paſſe,
We cannot well tell in what *yeere* it was.
This yeere our iuſt victorious *Warre* did ceaſe,
And we enioy'd a ſought-for proffred *Peace*.
Aſſoone as our *wiſe Debora* was gont,
God ſent this Land a *Peacefull Salomon*.
Our warlike *Pallas* hauing rul'd her *dayes*,
Apollo came, adorn'd with learned Bayes.
Laſtly herein our *Chronogram* doth hold,
This yeere we chang'd our Siluer into Gold.

Siluer a female is, Gold masculine:
Good *God* lengthen, strengthen this golden Lyne.
If any wise man iudge it otherwise,
I may well iudge that Wiseman *ouerwise*.

7. *Of the Great and Famous, euer to bee honoured Knight, Sir* Francis Drake, *and of my little-little selfe.*

The *Dragon*, that our Seas did raise his Crest,
And brought back heapes of gold vnto his nest,
Vnto his Foes more terrible then *Thunder*,
Glory of his age, After-ages *wonder*,
Excelling all those that excell'd before;
It's fear'd we shall haue none such any more;
Effecting all, he sole did vndertake,
Valiant, iust, wise, milde, honest, godly *Drake*.
This man when I was little, I did meete,
As he was walking vp *Totnes* long Street,
He ask'd me whose I was? I answer'd him.
He ask'd me if his good friend were within?
A faire red *Orange* in his hand he had,
He gaue it me, whereof I was right glad,
Takes and kist me, and prayes, *God blesse my boy:*
Which I record *with comfort* to this day.
Could he on me haue breathed with his breath,
His gifts *Elias*-like, after his death,
Then had I beene enabled for to doe
Many braue things I haue a heart vnto.
I haue as great desire, as e're had *hee*
To ioy; annoy; friends; foes: but 'twill not be.

8. *To the right Reuerend Father in God,* Ioseph Hall, *by Gods especiall prouidence, Lord Bishop of* Exceter.

Borne in a Christian new Plantation,
These kneele to you for Confirmation;
To *you* they come, that *you* might them adorne:
Their Father in your *Diocesse* was borne.

9. *To the Reuerend and diuinely witty,* Iohn Dun, *Doctor in Diuinity, Deane of Saint* Pauls, London.

Owen, Lib. 4. Epig. 40. As my *Iohn Owen* * *Seneca* did praise,
So might I for you a like piller raise,

His

His Epigrams did nothing want but verſe;
You can yours (if you liſt) that way rehearſe:
His were neat, fine, diuine morality;
But yours, pure, faithfull, true Diuinity.

10. Ariſtotles *ten Predicaments, to be reduced into queſtions, is an excellent rule for examining any buſines for matter of iuſtice.*

To the hopefull and right worthy young Gentleman, Thomas Smith *of Long-*Aſhton *in the County of* Sommerſet, *Eſq.*

1 2 3
The thing, how much, conditions of the men,
4 5 6
For what cauſe, what was done, who ſuffer'd then,
7 8 9 10
Where, when; their poſtures, how clad, foule, or cleane.

11. *Their vſe.*

Who hath power of examinations,
If he deſire to finde out guilty ones,
Let him reduce theſe into queſtions.
So if to finde out truth, be his intent,
Before that all theſe queſtions be ſpent,
The guilty's brought in a Predicament.

12. *The cauſe of Dedication.*

Strange not, that I theſe *Lines* to you haue ſent;
I know, your worth will make you *eminent.*
Grace, Wiſedome, Learning, Vertue, you haue ſtore;
Were you not modeſt, I could ſay much more.

13. *To the Reuerend, Learned, and Iudicious,* Thomas Worall, *Doctor in Diuinity, and Chapaline to the right Reue. Father in God,* George, *L. Biſhop of London.*

Of my reprehending Epigrams.

It is for one of your gifts, and your place,
To looke *bold-ſtaring-black ſinne* in the face,
To *wound,* and *launce* with the two-edged blade,
To *clenſe,* aud *heale* thoſe wounds that you haue made:
Yet ſuffer me, with my *ſharp-merry pinne,*
To *prick* the *bliſters* of ſome itching ſinne.
And though Diuines, iuſtly looſe Rymes condemne,
My tart, ſmart, chiding Lines doe not contemne.

14. *To the Reuerend, my worthy ingenious friend, Mr.* Abel Louering, *one of the Preachers of the Word of God at* Briſtoll. *Of my commending Epigrams.*

Thoſe I commend, you would commend them too,
If you did know them truely, as I doe.
Preachers like you, may praiſe men at their ends,
Laymen like me, may praiſe wiſe-liuing friends.

15. *To a Reuerend and witty friend.*

Since few yeeres ſtudying hath improu'd your wit,
That for the place you hold, you are held fit,
When you preach, you preach ſweetly and compleat,
And other things you doe, ſmooth, witty, neate.
What place in Church would you not fitly hallow;
If you your ſtudy ſoberly would follow?

16. *Of Epigrams.*

Short Epigrams relliſh both ſweet and ſowre,
Like *Fritters* of ſowre Apples, and ſweet flowre.

17. *To the wiſe and Learned Sir* Iohn Stradling, *Knight Baronet, the Author of diuers Diuine Heroicall printed Poems.*

Robert Fitz-Heman drew your Anceſtor
To *Wales*, to be his fellow Conqueror.
And *Robert Hayman* would draw all your worth,
If he true knowledge had, to lymme it forth.
Wiſe Sir, I know you not, but by relation,
Sauing in this, which ſpreads your reputation:
Your high diuine ſweet ſtraines *Poeticall*.
Which crownes, adornes your noble vertues all.
Therein to dight a full Feaſt, you are able,
Whilſt I fit Fritters for *Apollo's* Table.

18. *To Maſter* Beniamin Iohnſon, *Witty Epigrammatiſt, and moſt excellent Poet.*

My Epigrams come after yours in time;
So doe they in conceipt, in forme, in Ryme;
My *wit's* in fault, the fault is none of mine:
For if my *will* could haue inſpir'd my *wit*,
There neuer had beene better Verſes writ,
As good as *yours*, could I haue ruled it.

19. *To one of my neate Readers.*

Thou say'ſt, my Verſes are rude, ragged, rough,
Not like ſome others Rymes, ſmooth, dainty ſtuffe.
Epigrams are like *Satyres*, rough without,
Like *Cheſſnuts*, ſweet, take thou the kernell out.

Satyres.

20. *To the acute Satyriſt, Maſter* George Wither.

The *efficient cauſe* of *Satyres*, are things bad,
Their *matter*, ſharpe reproofes, inſtructions ſad,
Their *forme* ſowre, ſhort, ſeuere, ſharp, roughly clad:
Their *end* is that *amendment* may be had.

21. *To the ſame Mr.* George Wither, *of his owne Satyres.*

What cauſe you had, this veine too high to ſtraine,
I know not, but I know, it cauſ'd your paine;
Which cauſeth others wiſely to refraine:
Yet let ſome good cauſe draw you on againe.
You ſtrip and whip th'ill *manners* of the times
So hanſomely, that all delight your Rymes.

22. *To my right worthy friend, Mr.* Michael Drayton, *whoſe vnwearied old Muſe ſtill produceth new dainties.*

When I was young, I did *delight* your lines,
I haue *admyr'd* them ſince my iudging times:
Your *younger muſe* plai'd many a dainty fit,
And your *old muſe* doth hold out ſtoutly yet.
Though my *old muſe* durſt paſſe through froſt and ſnow,
In warres your* *old muſe* dares her Colours ſhew.

*He wrot the battell of Agincourt, when he was aboue 60. yeers old.

23. *To my worthy and learned good friend, Mr.* Iohn Vicars, *who hath tranſlated part of Mr.* Owens *Epigrams.*

Who hath good words, and a warme brooding pate,
Shall eaſier hatch neate new things, then tranſlate:
He that tranſlates, muſt walke as others pleaſe:
Writing our owne, we wander may at eaſe.

24. *To my good friend, Mr.* T. B. *Vintner, at the ſigne of the Sunne in* Milke-ſtreet.

Bacchus deſiring an auſpicious ſigne,
Vnder which he might ſell his choyſeſt *wine*,
Deſiring much to chooſe one of the ſeuen
Celeſtiall Planets, reel'd one night to heauen,

He found old Bent-brow'd *Saturne* melancholly,
Ioue ſtern, *Mars* ſtout, *Venus* repleat with folly,
Sly *Mercury* full of Loquacity,
And *Luna* troubled with vnconſtancy:
Diſliking theſe, he *middle Sol* eſpy'd,
Who vnto *ſober drinkers* is a guide:
* *Milke-ſtreet* He liking this, in * *via Lactea* plaſte it,
And with his *beſt wines*, he hath e're ſince graſte it,
And finding you no *Brewer*, as your due,
He doth commit the charge thereof to *You*.

27. *To a Friend, who asked me why I doe not compoſe ſome particular Epigrams to our moſt gracious King, as my Friend* Iohn Owen *did to his famous Father, King* IAMES *of bleſſed memorie.*

Thou ask'ſt, Why I doe not ſpinne out my wit,
In ſilken threds, and fine, ſmooth, neat lines fit,
In ſpeciall *Epigrams* to our wiſe King?
All theſe my ſelfe I dedicate to him.
Its all too coorſe, what my wit can weaue forth,
To wrap the little finger of his worth.

28. *Sinnes ſhort Grammar.*

To my loniog Couſin Maſter Iohn Gunning *the younger, of Briſtoll Merchant.*

The Grammar.

Sinnes eaſie *Grammar*, our Grandmother *Eue*
To her ſinfull poſteritie did *leaue*.

Sinnes Part.

In *Speach* are eight parts, in ſinne there are ſeuen,
We may put *Satan* in, to make them euen.

Satan a Noune.

Satan, *Sins* grandfather, ſtands as a *Noune*,
To all ill things giuing an ill renowne,
Inticing mildly; Roaring if withſtood,
Being thereby *felt, heard, and vnderſtood*.

Sloth, a Pronounne.

Sloth is a *Pronoune*: Idle men in name
Are men, but otherwiſe a ſenceleſſe ſhame.
Sloth is the *Deuils* beſt ſonne *Primitiue*,

And

And from him moſt ſinnes doe themſelues *deriue*.

Anger, a Verbe.

Anger a Verbe is, for at euery word,
His *Actiue* and his *Paſſiue* ſpleen is ſtir'd,
In *Mood* and *Tenſe* declined is this ſinne,
Moody it is, at all times full of ſpleene.

Couetouſneſſe, a Participle.

Couetouſnes may be ſinnes *participle*,
To helpe himſelfe, from each one takes a little,
With euery *Sinne* he will *Participate*,
So he thereby may better his eſtate.

Pride, an Aduerbe.

Pride is an *Aduerbe*, if you'll take his word,
Nor Heauen, nor Earth the like thing doth afford.
In his conceit he is the thing alone,
He holds himſelfe beyond *Compariſon*.

Luſt, a Coniunction.

Luſt is a lawleſſe, lewde *Coniunction*,
For *Luſt* deſires not to act ſinne alone:
So *ioyning* ſinnes his ſinfull dayes doſt waſte,
Vntill they joyne him with the *Deuill* at laſt.

Enuie, a Præpoſition.

Enuie may be *Sinnes Prepoſition*,
'Gainſt things well compos'd ſhewing oppoſition.
Ablatiues, and *Accuſatiues* hee'll chuſe
For he loues to *Detract*, and to *Accuſe*.

Gluttony, an Interiection.

Gluttony is an *Interiection*,
Into his paunch all his delights are throwne.
As nothing but *good bits*, can make him glad,
So only want of them, can make him ſad.

Sinnes Declenſion.

O God! in what bad *Caſe* are we *declin'd*?
Since thou in euery *Caſe* our ſinnes maiſt find,
In *Nominatiue*, by ſurious Appellations,
In *Genitiue*, by ſpurious generations.
In *Datiue*, by corrupting briberie.
In the *Accuſatiue*, by calumnie.

In *Vocatiue*, by grudging, and exclayming.
In *Ablatiue*, by cooz'ning, rape, and ſtealing.

Number, and Gender.

Singular ſinnes, and *Plurall* we commit,
And we in euery *Gender* varie it.

Number.

Our *Single* ſinnes are wicked cogitations,
Our *Plurall*, Ryots, Combinations
Againſt thee, *Lord*, and thy *Anointed* ones.

Gender.

Our *Maſculine*, firſt ſin's vxorioufnes,
Our *Feminine*, to ſin's ſleights yeeldingnes,
Our *Neuter* ſinne, is cold neutralitie,
Common of two, too common Venerie.
Thrice Common we commit ſinnes againſt *Three*;
Againſt our ſelues, our Neighbours, againſt *Thee*.
Doubtfull is our Diſſimulation.
In all ſinnes, *Hees* and *Shees* take delectation.

The Concluſion.

Thus we in Sinne vſe regularilitie,
Whil'ſt *Wee* with *Grace* haue no Congruitie.

29. *To laſhing, fault-finding Zoilus.*

I know, thou wilt end, as thou haſt begunne:
Put vp thy Rod (great whipper) I haue done.

30. *To the ineffable, indiuidnall, euer bleſſed Trinity in Vnity.*

To one in *three*, *three* in one be all praiſe,
For planting in me, this ſmall bud of *Bayes*.

The end of the Authors *Quodlibets*. At this time.

To the Reader, in ſtead of an Epiſtle.

If theſe faile in worth, blame me, but conſider from whence they came; from a place of no helps. If in Printing, blame the Printer, and mend it. I haue omitted many of mine owne and of the Tranſlatiõs. As thou likeſt theſe, thou maiſt haue the reſt.

FAREWELL.

CERTAINE EPIGRAMS OVT OF THE FIRST FOVRE BOOKES OF THE EX-

cellent Epigrammatiſt, Maſter
IOHN OVVEN:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AT HARBOR-GRACE IN

Briſtols-Hope in Britaniola, anciently
called *New-found-land:*
By *R. H.*



AT LONDON
Imprinted for *Roger Michell*, and are to be ſold at
the ſigne of the Buls head in Pauls Church-
yard. 1628.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE FAR ADMIRED, ADMIRABLLY FAIRE, vertuous, and witty Beauties of ENGLAND.

IT was, faire, vertuous, wittie, for your ſake,
That I this harder taske did vndertake.
I griu'd, ſuch wit was out of your cõmand,
Lock'd in a tongue you did not vnderſtand.
To doe you ſeruice, not my ſelfe to pleaſe,
Did I at firſt aduenture vpon theſe.

I thought to haue proceeded in this method, but the ragged, baſhfull ſlut my *Muſe* (hauing not ſeene your like before) is amazed, and ſtrucken dumbe at the ſight of your excellencies: I muſt therefore take vp the ſpeech for her, and as *She* hath heretofore twatled much for me, I muſt therefore entreat you in *Her* behalfe. Indeed I told *Her*, *She* ſhould finde you very louing and kinde, and ſhould be admitted to kiſſe your whiteſt hands. *She* is a ſtranger, I humbly therefore pray you, to take her into your protection, kindly take her into your hands, and entertaine her courteouſly; none can doe it better then your ſelues; whilſt you looke kindly vpon her, let her with admiration, and contentment gaze on your beauties: you may looke vpon her boldly with vnuailed countenances, you ſhall finde her euery where modeſt, either ſhe hath vailde, or quite omitted what *She* feares might offend your chaſt

eares, *She* hath taken paines to let you know what enuious mẽ haue too long kept from your knowledge. If *She* ſpeake any thing againſt your ſexe, it is but what malicious men ſometimes mutter in an vnknowne language againſt your inferior frailties, and hath anſwered ſomewhat in your behalfe: you ſhall finde *Her* no importunate Companion, for you may begin with her when you pleaſe, and leaue her when you liſt: euery ſmall parcell is an entire treatiſe, and depends vpon it ſelfe; they may ſerue you for paſtime, if you pleaſe, for vſe, for embelliſhing in your diſcourſe, as ſpangles in your attire: The tranſlations were the better, if they are not made worſe in the change. For our owne, they are the beſt we can at this time. The grace and loue I receiued ſometime from one of your ſexe, makes me confident of your gracious goodneſſe: but my *Muſe* hath a little recouered her ſpirits, and requeſts me *She* may ſpeake a little vnto you.

Your beauties, wonder and amazement bred
In me, that ſtill I am aſtoniſhed:
Yet this requeſt I pray doe not deny,
Giue me good words, for you haue more then I.
In recompence one day Ile ſing a ſong
Of your rich worth with my laſte buskins on.

The admirer of your excellencies,
the ſhort-breath'd Muſe of
Robert Hayman.

A PRÆMONITION TO ALL KINDE OF READERS of theſe Tranſlations of *Iohn Owens* EPIGRAMS.

AS one into a ſpacious Garden led,
Which is with rare, faire flowers well garniſhed,
Where Argus *may all his eyes ſatisfie;*
Centimanus *all his hands occupy,*
He will chuſe ſome fine flowers of the beſt,
To make himſelfe a Poeſie at the leaſt:
Or he will, if ſuch fauour may be found,
Intreate ſome Slips, to ſet in his owne ground:
So fares it with me, when in Owens *booke,*
At leaſure times, with willing eyes I looke:
I cannot chuſe, but chooſe ſome of his flowers,
And to tranſlate them at my leiſure howres.
But as 'tis not for this admitted Man,
Manners at once to gather euery one,
But mildly to cull a few at a time,
I pray thee doe ſo too, kinde Reader mine:
For as a Man may ſurfet on ſweet meates:
So thou maiſt ouer-read theſe quaint conceits.
Some at one time, ſome at another chuſe;
As Maidens doe their kiſſing Confects vſe.
Reade therefore theſe, His; by tranſlation, Mine:
As ſome eate Cheeſe, a penny-waight at a time.

AN ENCOMIASTICK DISTICK ON MY RIGHT WORTHY AVTHOR, IOHN OVVEN.

THe best conceits Owens *conceits haue found,*
Short, sharp, sweet, witty, vnforc'd, neate, profound.

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

Epig. 2. *To the Reader.*

THOu that read'ſt theſe, if thou commend them all,
Thou'ſt too much milk; if none, thou'ſt too much gall.

3 *To Maſter* Iohn Hoskins, *of his Booke.*

My Booke the World is, Verſes are the Men,
You'll finde as few good here, as amongſt them.

8 *Know thy ſelfe.*

Nothing worth knowledge is in thee, I trow,
Seeke ſome-where elſe, ſome worthier thing to know.

14 Gilberts *Opinion, that the Earth goes round, and that the Heauens ſtand ſtill.*

Thou ſai'ſt, the Earth doth moue: that's a ſtrange tale,
When thou didſt write this, thou wert vnder ſayle.

15 *Phyſicians, and Lawyers.*

Our ſickneſſes breeds our Phyſicions health,
Our folly makes wiſe Lawyers with our wealth.

16 *O Times, O Manners!*

Scaliger did Times computation mend:
Who, to correct ill manners doth intend?

Or thus to Scaliger.

Thou mended haſt the bad ſcore of old yeares:
Who dares take old bad manners by the eares?

21 *To a poore, bare, beggerly, fie on such a Physicion.*

Thou wert a poore, bare, fye on such a one,
But now thou art growne a Physicion:
Thou giuest vs physicke, we with gold thee please:
Thou cur'st not ours; but we cure thy disease.

26 *Cold fire.*

If that Loue be a fire (as it is said)
How cold is thy Loues fire, my pretty Maide?

27 *An impious Atheists pastime.*

I ioy in present things, and present time:
A time will come that will be none of mine:
Grammarians talke of times past and hereafter:
I spend time present in pastime and laughter.

28 *An Atheist's Epitaph.*

He liu'd, as if he should not feele Deaths paine,
And died, as if he would not liue againe.

30 *Married* Alanaes *complaint.*

All day *Alana* rayleth at Wedlocke,
And says, 'tis an vntolerable yoake:
At night being pleasd, shee altereth her rage,
And sayes that marriage is the merriest age.

31 *A Prophet and Poet.*

Of things to come these make true predication,
These of things present make a false relation.

35 *Free-will.*

Free-will for which Christs Church is so diuided,
Though men it lose, Wiues will not be deny'd it.

39 *New Rhetoricke.*

Good arguments without Coyne will not stick
To pay, and not say is best Rhetorick.

52 *To an Atheist.*

Each house, thou seest here, some one doth possesse,
Yet thou dost thinke the great house masterlesse.

53 *A trade betwixt Physicions and Patients.*

Physicions receiue gold, but giue none backe,
Physicke they 'll giue, but none of it they 'll take:

Their hands write our health bills, ours greaze their fist:
Thus one mans hand, another doth assist.

54 *Iuris-prudentes, Wise men of Law.*

Lawyers are rightly cald wise men of Law,
Since to themselues, they wisely wealth doe draw.

To the same purpose more largely thus.

Wise men of Law, the Latines Lawyers stile,
And so they are, fooles Clyents are the while:
Lawyers are wise, we see, by their affaires,
Leauing so much land to their happy heires.

55 *To Courtiers.*

If good thou be at Court, thou may'st grow better,
But I doe feare thou hardly wilt grow greater:
If great thou be, greater thou may'st be made:
But to grow better is no Courtiers trade.

57 *A Mortall Conceit.*

To eternize thy fame, thou buildst a Tombe,
As if death could not eat vp such a Roome.

58 *A Comfort for Baldnes.*

So young and bald, take comfort then in this,
Thy head will ne'r bee whiter then it is.

61 *On old Alan.*

Old *Alan* ioynes his couch to his wiues bed,
And thinkes himselfe thereby most sweetly laid.

62 *New-yeeres-gifts.*

Some mens pride, some mens basenesse.

Olus giues not to rich, to receiue more;
To poore he cannot giue, 'cause he is poore:
Quintus for gaine giues gift with long low legs,
And what he would haue giuen, by giuing begs.

63 *A Caueat for Cuckolds.*

When *Pontius* wish'd all Cuckolds in the Sea,
His wife replide: First learne to swimme, I pray.

71 *Physicions and Lawyers.*

Physicions, Lawyers, by one meanes doe thriue,
For others harmes doe both of them relieue:

By ſickneſſe one, the other by contention;
Both promiſe helpe, both thriue by this pretention.

73 *The Bald-pate.*

Trees haue new leaues, in fields there growes new graine,
But thy ſhed haires will neuer grow againe.

76 *Gyants and Dwarfes.*

Gyants and Dwarfes are men of differing grouth,
Dwarfes are ſhrunke men; Gyants are men ſtretcht forth.

80 *A Sergeants caſe.*
To Lawyers.

If a man with a wench ſhould make a match,
And in ſtead of her ſhould his owne wife catch:
Tell me if a childe borne by this deceit,
Be a baſe baſtard, or Legitimate?

84 *A begging Poet.*

I heare, thou in thy verſes prayſeſt me:
It is becauſe in mine I ſhould praiſe thee.

89 *An old Churle.*

What-euer of this friend I begge or borrow,
He puts me off, and ſayes, You ſhall to morrow:
For this thy promiſe ſhall I fit thankes fit?
To morrow then, thee will I thanke for it.

93 *Double dealing.*

Wherefore loues *Venus, Mars,* vnlawfully?
Vulcan is lame in lawfull venery.

94 *Much haire, little Wit.*

Thy beard growes faire and large; thy head grow's thinne;
Thou haſt a light head, and a heauy chinne.

Addition.

Hence 'tis thoſe light conceites thy head doth breed,
From thy dull heauy mouth ſo ſlow proceed.

101 *A dead Reckoning.*

What death is, thou doſt often aske of me:
Come to me when I am dead, I'll tell it thee.

103 *To ſelfe applying, and fault-finding* Zoilus.

When I finde fault at faults, thou carp'ſt at me:
It may be, therein thou think'ſt I meane thee:

Why ſhould'ſt thou thinke I reproue thee alone?
Finding fault with faults, I doe fault mine owne.

105 *To Bald-pate.*

Surely thy brow had ſome dimention,
Before thy haires were with a hoare-froſt gone:
Thy haires are all like leaues fallen from a tree,
That thy whole head a fore-head now may be:
None know the length, bredth, depth of thy brow now,
Therefore there is no truſt now to thy brow.

106 *Plaine downe-right bald-pate.*

I cannot count my haires, they are ſo thicke growne,
Nor canſt thou number thine, for thou haſt none.

107 *Fortunes Apologie.*

To all, iuſt Fortune deales an equall Share,
To poore men ſhe giues hope, to rich men Feare.

113 *The Chyrurgion.*

Whether for warre or peace ſhould I deſire?
I gaine by *Mars* his ſword, and *Venus* fire.

115 *Complainers and Flatterers.*

Old *Anaxagoras* ſaid, Snow was black:
Our Age ſuch kinde of people doth not lack:
The Foxe ſaid, that the Rooke was white as Snow:
Many ſuch flattering Foxes I doe know.

119 *A reaſonable Requeſt.*

Sweet, let thy ſoule be ſmooth as is thy skin:
As thou art faire without, be ſo within.

120 *Not ſeene, No ſinne.*

Thou think'ſt all ſure, when none doe ſee thine ill,
Though with a witneſſe, thou goeſt to it ſtill.

127 *To a ſcalded Leacher.*

Though thou haſt ſcap'd commuting, and the ſheet,
Thy head-leſſe thing hath had correction meete.

130 *To a minſing Madam.*

Thou art diſpleaſd, and angerly doſt looke,
'Cauſe a mans thing thou find'ſt nam'd in my booke:

For writing it, why doſt thou chafe at me?
A man without it would more anger thee.

131 Saturnes *three ſonnes.*

Doubtfull Diuines, Lawyers that wrangle moſt,
Naſty Phyſicions, theſe three rule the roſt.

132 *To his married friend.*
Single and married liues.

Woe to th'alone, ſaith married *Salomon:*
Yet *Paul* ſayes, There's no life like ſuch a one:
The married cry, Woe vs: Single, Woo mee.
Woo mee, I'll take: Take thou, Woe vs, to thee.
Addition out of his owne Welſh
Annotation.
And ſingle woes better then double be.

139 *Wine and Women.*

Since Venery is vendible as Wine,
Why hath not *Venus* an inticing ſigne?
Addition.
They need no ſigne to hang ouer the doore,
Whil'ſt in it ſtands the foule bawd or fine whoore.

143 *Rare* Sarah.

A Wife to yeeld her bed-right to her maid,
Of none but *Sarah* could it e're be ſaid.

144 *To* D. T.

Thy Maſters maſter, Pupils ſlaue the while,
I doe both enuy, and lament thy Stile.

147 *A Waggs Bolt.*

Happy is he (good Sir) that hath a care
Of others harmes, and hornes for to beware:
A ſonne ſo whiſper'd in his fathers eare.

149 *An vxorious Aſſe.*

Quintus obſerues his wiues words, nods, and hands,
Her words are lawes, and her requeſts commands:
She drawes, ſhe driues, ſhe ſwayes her husband ſo,
You cannot tell where ſhe haue one or no:
Againſt all Grammar rules, they lead their life,
That you may ſay, his husband, and her wife.

151 *A wary wench that stood vpon her tearmes.*

Vnfaithfull to her first mate, and her last,
In the vacation shee liued wondrous chast.
Shame, and not sinne, made her forbeare the deed,
She knew she had good ground, had shee good seed:
Though shee were hard beset both first and last,
Still out of Terme her Checker-doore was fast.

Addition.

Yet still when she of her Terme-time was sure,
Some dayes before, She op'd her Checker-doore.

161 *A Doctor in promising, but a Dunce in performing.*

Much thou dost promise, nothing thou dost lend,
Like Doctors that write, take, and nothing send.

162 *A pretty wench scuruily Cunny-catcht.*

Would the old Spartan Law were vp againe,
That naked maides should marry naked men:
I thought to haue cockt away my maiden-head,
In naked truth, I did a Capon wed.

163 *A forked Probleme.*

Since She defiled hath the marriage bed,
Why must he weare the hornes? He is the head.

164 *Verses giuen for a New-yeeres-gift, vnrewarded.*

Giue some-what, or my verses backe to me:
On that condition, I doe giue them thee.

165 *Christs Church Colledge in Oxford.*

Though men looke sad at thy vnfinishing,
Which makes thee looke like to a ruin'd thing,
Thy Quadrangle shewes what thou should'st haue binne.

166 Phillis *Loue.*

Phillis sayes that shee's rauisht with my verses:
Verses she loues well: better she loues Tar——

167 *Pastime.*

I spend my time in vaine and idle toyes,
So fearing to lose time, my time I lose.

168 *Short and ſweet to the Reader.*

Brand not my breuity with ill beliefe,
Beleeue me, 'tis my paine to be thus briefe:
I ſpeake not much, and fond, as many a one,
If I ſpeake fooliſhly, I ſoone haue done.

172 *A Requeſt to the Reader.*

Rather then my leaues ſhould Tabacco light,
I pray thee with them make thy back-ſide bright.

173 *Of his Booke.*

What if my Booke long before me ſhould dye?
Many a ſonne doth ſo vnwillingly.
What if he ſhould liue ſome time after me?
All my braines Children fraile and mortall be.

PART

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

Epig. 1.

THough Fooles are euery where, (as there are many)
I cannot, nor I care not to pleaſe any:
Few Readers I deſire, and 'twere but one,
It ſhould not trouble me, if there were none.

5 *To Sir* Iohn Harrington, *moſt Excellent Poet.*

A Poet meane I am; yet of the troope
Though thou art not, yet better thou canſt do't.

7 *A Court Wit.*

At Court, who cannot his wit nimbly fit,
To fit each humour; hath at Court no wit.

8 *The Spurre of Knighthood.*

Thou knighted art, to get thy wiues good will;
Shee'll loue her ſelfe the more, thee little ſtill:
She'ath coſt thee much, but now ſhee'll coſt thee more;
Shee's dearer therefore to thee, then before.

9 Chymicks *folly.*

Th'vnskilfull Chymick *toyles*, and *boyles*, and *ſpoyles*,
To make a Stone; vnſtones himſelfe the whiles.

10 *A true Troian.*

When all was loſt, the Trojans then grew wiſe:
Who is not a true Trojan in this wiſe?

11 *The Remedy of Loue.*

Pray much, faſt oft, flye women as the fire,
Thinke not on earthly things, but thinke on higher:

If

If theſe worke not this, med'cine doth excell,
The fire of marriage will luſt-fire expell.

12 *London, anciently called Troynouant.*

As from the old Phœnix aſhes anew ſprings:
So from Troyes aſhes, London her birth brings.

37 *To Maſter* Adam Newton, *Tutor to King* Charles, *when he was Prince of Wales.*

The hopefull'ſt Prince that euer this Land breed,
Is from thy learned mouth ſo diſcipleed,
That times hereafter will be arguing,
Which he was; Greater, More learn'd, Better King?

Addition.

To the ſame Maſter Newton, *to whom for kindneſſe receiued, I am further indebted.*

I know thou art as learn'd as *Ariſt'le*,
Thy Pupill will his farre ſurpaſſe in battle,
In goodneſſe, good *Ioſiah*, *Dauid* rather;
In learning *Treſmegiſt*, or his owne * Father.

* *Our late moſt learned King Iames.*

39 *Sir* Francis Drake.

Drake like a Dragon through the world did flie,
And euery Coaſt thereof he did deſcrie:
Should enuious men be dumbe, the Spheares will ſhew,
And the two Poles, his iourneys which they ſaw:
Beyond Cades Pillers farre, Fame ſteerd his way;
Great *Hercules* on ſhore, but *Drake* by Sea.

43 *The Diuine.*

Though thou know much, thy knowledge is but loſt,
Vnleſſe that other men know what thou know'ſt.

The Politician.

Though thou know much, thy knowledge is but loſt,
If any other man know what thou know'ſt.

47 *Women would haue their Will.*

A Papiſt maid marrying a Lutheran;
Two ſects much diff'ring in opinion,
She ſaid, Sweet heart, be not vnkind to me;
All ſhall be well, for I'le be kind to thee:

Let me of my old Faith hold but free will;
In other points I shall your mind fulfill.

54 *An English Wife.*

Let me set alwayes vppermost at boord,
The vppermost in bed I'le you affoord:
Thus wee'll deuide our rule; I rule all day,
All night, kind Husband, you shall ouer-sway.

57 *A prating Companion.*

Thou still ask'st leaue, that still thy tongue may walke:
Thou need'st no leaue, if thou would'st leaue to talke.

64 *The Order of the Golden Fleece.*

Philip of Burgundy did first ordaine
The Order of the Golden Fleece of Spaine,
He prophised, when he this Order made:
For his heires since haue got the golden Trade.

68 *To Mistris* Iane Owen, *a very learned Woman.*

Of thy fiue sisters, *Iane*, I know but thee,
I onely haue heard what their number bee:
I cannot one of them by their names call;
Yet if they be like thee, I know them all.

Addition.

Faire, modest, learned, wise, beyond my prayse:
Happy is he shall marry one of these.

71 *To one like neither of his Parents.*

Why art thou so vnlike either of those
Who thee begot, with a ioynt willing close?
Whilst each did striue hard, who should forme thee most,
Ill-fauouredly their fauours thou hast lost.

72 *Two Gallants that went to Venice vpon Returne.*

Towards faire Venice both of yee are gone,
At your returne, to receiue foure for one:
And now you are return'd to your owne Coast,
Your friends welcome you home vnto their cost.

80 *To a Drunken Rimer.*

Thou drink'st, and think'st, drinke makes a man a Poet,
Thou think'st, and drink'st, thou art one by that diet.

Adde but two letters vnto Verſifier,
And then thou art a drunken Verſ-defiler.

81 *More Epiſtle then Goſpell.*

Full often thy Epiſtles I receiue,
Thou ſeldome writeſt Goſpell, I perceiue.

88 *Naked Loue.*

Natures preſerue, from cold as with a freeze,
The ground with graſſe and corne, with barke green trees,
With feathers, birds; and beaſts, with wooll, and haire:
Where Nature wants, Art couering doth prepare.
Why then loues Loue her naked to vnfold?
The nakeder ſhe is, ſhe's the leſſe cold.

89 *The Exchequer.*

Collected Coyne into the Exchequer flowes;
As freſh ſtreames daily to the ſalt Sea goes:
From thence coyne is diſperſt by ſecret veines,
As through the Earth the Sea refils vp ſtreames;
Yet neuer will this Sea be ſatisfide,
Theſe riuers by their tribute neuer dride.

94 *This Worlds Wiſdome.*

Who's rich? The wiſe. Who's poore? The fooliſh man.
If I were wiſe, I ſhould haue riches than.
Who's wiſe? The rich. And who's a foole? The poore.
If I were rich, I ſhould be wiſe therefore.

102 *To play and ſtudy together.*

When I handle a graue and ſerious thing,
Lightly, and ſlightly, I play ſtudying:
When I light and ſlight triuiall matters way,
Too ſeriouſly I ſtudy in my play.

104 *To fault-finding and enuious*
Zoilus.

Praiſes are praiſed, Louers loued are:
If thou commend vs, we will ſpeake thee faire;
Loue vs hereafter, we will for thee care.

111 *The Couetous Man.*

Thy gold is lockt vp in thy iron cheſt:
Thy loue is blockt vp in thy iron breſt.

115 *The Plague in England, 1603.*

This hungry leane Plague did so many eate,
That we shall hardly finde a new plague meate.

116 *To a very faire Woman.*

If that thou wert as rich as thou art faire,
Then no one liuing could with thee compare.
If thou hadst liu'd in time of Trojan warres,
For thee more iustly had been all those iarres.

Addition on my Author.

Rare, faire was She, to whom he this affords,
Or he disposed to giue her faire words.

122 *A phantasticall Courtier.*

Of wise men thou art thought a foolish Elfe:
Fooles thinke thee wise: what think'st thou of thy selfe?

124 *A handsome Whore.*

Would' thou wert not so faire, or better giuen:
Then a faire Whore there's nought worse vnder heau'n.

126 *To Bald-pate.*

Thou hast lost all thy haire vpon thy pate,
Thy faithlesse forhead is in the same state,
Before, behinde, all thy haires being fled;
What hast thou bald-pate for to lose? Thy head.

127 *Nolens volens.*

Claudius might soone be honest, if he would:
Lynus would be vnhonest, if he could.

131 *On a couetous Gowty-fist.*

If thou a gift giu'st to this Clung-fist man,
Hee'l finde a hundred hands, though he haue none:
But if thou for thy gift, a gift do'st craue,
No hand he hath, though hundred hands he haue.

132 *Kings Misery.*

Whil'st some dares not tell him the truth of things,
And those that may, nought but *placebo* sings,
How miserable is the state of Kings?

133 *Might and Right.*

Might ouercomes Right, and Right masters Might,
Yet change one letter, Right makes Might, Might, Right.

137 *On a Scalded ill-fauored Knaue.*

In a knowne part, hot *Venus* branded thee,
That thou somewhere mighst in her liuery bee.

138 *To Adr. V.*

Thy laughing Epigrams ridiculous,
Make vs not smile, but laughter cause in vs.
They haue no iests: the Reader laughs at that,
Because ther's nothing worth the laughing at.

148 *Sir* Francis Drakes *Epitaph.*

If Romish bloody superstition
Should for our sinnes into our Land returne,
And that they should vse their vile fashion,
Their aduersaries bodies for to burne;
Braue *Drake*, thy body in the Sea lies free
From their bold, beastly, bloody cruelty:

Addition,

Alluding to the Legend of the floating Lady of Loretta.

Except some *Loret* Miracle doe float thee.

157 *Of* Virgils *Georgicks.*

Thy verses, *Maro*, Husbandry expresse,
Thou dost thy Readers grounds and his wit dresse.

158 *To Poet* Persius.

Persius, when I sometimes thy verses touch,
Thy sence I see not, thy darke lines are such,
Thou dost neglect thy Reader too-too much.

160 *To Poet* Martiall.

Thou iest'st at things, yet men thou dost not wrong,
No gall, much honey flowes from thy salt tongue.

161 *To excellent Poet* Petrack *of his* Laura.

As often as thy *Laura* shall be read,
Amongst thy Readers 'twill be questioned,
Whether thy *Laura*, Lawrell doth deserue
Better then thou, that didst her so well serue.

172 *On his owne Epigrams to* Samuel Daniel,
most witty Poet.

'Tis not strange, if my Epigrams be meane,
I doe not bite my nailes, nor beate my braine.

177 *Hunger makes meate taste sweetest.*

If with much pleasure thou would'st eate thy meate,
Be hungry then, before the meate thou eate.

181 *Satyrs and Epigrams.*

Satyrs are Epigrams; but larger drouen,
Epigrams Satyrs are, but closer wouen:
An Epigram must be Satyricall,
A Satyr must be Epigrammicall.

183 *Deafe and Blind.*

Deafe men looke wilde: blind men thrust out their eare:
Blind with eares see: Deafe with their eyes doe heare.

189 *Sunday.*

Sunday I'le call that day, spite of precise,
In which the glorious Sonne of God did rise.

191 *Fashions in Clothes.*

Old out-worne fashions young mens fashion growes:
And old men weare late strange new fashion clothes.

193 *The commodity of a silly Sheepe.*

If leather, flesh, milke, compost, dice, or cords,
Or wooll you want; all this a Sheepe affords.

An Egge, which though it be mine owne, I'le adde to this, because it goes to the same tune.

If flesh, or skinne, or bones, feathers, or strings,
Or blood you want; all this one round Egge brings.

To mine Author, a little to be merry with him.

When I did write this, I did thinke vpon
The Egge, sup't vp by thine owne Countryman.

196 *Parret, and Prater.*

Parret and *Prater*, iumpe iust in their names,
One to the other are right Anagrams.

200 *Satyrs and good Lawes haue one originall cause.*

Good Lawes and Satyrs from one cause proceed;
Wicked behauiour both of them doth breed.

Addition. These ends are alike.

Tart, byting Satyrs haue the selfe-same end,
That good Lawes haue, bad manners to amend.

203 *A Merchants account.*

Or rich, or poore, account my selfe I may,
Whilst with my goods I trust the Bankrout Sea.

204 *Lust.*

In the darke, foule Sluts are esteemed faire:
Blind lust is cause thereof, not the darke ayre.

213 *Eccho.*

Caruing, nor painting, cannot expresse words;
Yet prating Eccho that quaint-art affords.

214 *Looking-glasse.*

To expresse Motion, Painting is nought worth;
My Looking-glasse can liuely set it forth.

215 *Eccho, and Looking-glasse.*

Nothing of man but voyce Eccho affords;
My Looking-glasse wants nothing else but words.

217 *A good Chapman.*

I gaue thee three books, three pounds thou gau'st me;
No man hath bought my books as deare as thee.

To the blessed Memory of King Iames, *the happy*
218 *Uniter of this so long-diuided Iland of*
Great Brittaine.

Great *Brittaine* seuer'd from the World by Sea,
Was in it selfe diuided many a day,
In many Kingdomes, and in many parts,
Which did diuide her people, and their harts:
Vnhappy then was parted Albion,
Happy in Thee, for in Thee All-be-on.

Addition to King Iames.

Oft haue I wish'd (O pardon my wishing,)
That thou hadst stil'd thy selfe All-be-ons King.

PART

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

Epig. 4.

The happy Virgin-issue of Blessed Queene Elizabeth.

SCotland with England was twinn'd happily,
In the blest birth of thy Virginity:
To vnite, is more blessed then to breed,
From thy not-bearing this birth did proceed.

9 *To the vertuous Lady,* Mary Neuil, *Daughter to the Earle of Dorset, his worthy Patroneſſe.*

Thy glaſſe preſents thee faire, Fame Chaſt thee ſtiles:
Neither thy Glaſſe nor Fame doe lye the whiles.
Loud-wide-mouth'd Fame ſwifter then Eagles wing,
Dares not report againſt thee any thing.

10 *To the ſame right worthy Lady, of her little Daughter,* Cicill.

To limme ſoules beauty, painting is nought-worth:
This pretty Image liuely ſets thine forth.

11 *To the white-handed Reader.*

My good excell: my bad ones well may paſſe:
Such grace (white Reader) thy kind iudgement has.

12 *To the black-mouth'd Reader.*

My meane are nought, my bad intolerable:
Thy enuy doth (black Reader) them diſable.

18. Diues *and* Lazarus.

The

The rich man hath in Gods Booke but his ſhame:
Poore *Lazarus* in Gods Booke hath his Name.

22 *The Spirit and Fleſh.*

The Spirit this, the Fleſh drawes me that way:
Ceſar and *Ioue* in me beare ſeuerall ſway:
If there were once a good Peace 'twixt theſe two,
In Earth there would not be ſo much adoe.

24 *Gods Sight, and mans ouer-ſight.*

Men few things ſee, God all things doth fore-ſee:
God ſeldome ſpeakes, but men ſtill prating bee.

25 *The broad and narrow Way.*

Heau'ns Way is narrow: but Heau'ns Roomes are broad:
Hells way is large: but narrow his aboade.
Who goes not the ſtraite Way to the broad place,
The broad will bring him in a narrow caſe.

30 *A Catechiſme.*

We muſt beleeue twelue, and we muſt do ten,
And pray for ſeuen; if we'll be godly men.

31 *Rich mens Repentance.*

Why are ſo many rich men to Hell ſent?
They repent nothing but their Mony ſpent.

35 *Wiſedome, Iuſtice, and Fortitude.*

He's wiſe, who knowes much: iuſt, who iuſt doth deale:
He valiant is, who knowes, and dares doe well.

37 *To Camber-Britons.*

Wales, Scotland, England, now are ioynd in one:
Henceforth Wales is not Brittany alone.

41 *Chriſt Ieſus God and Man.*

Becauſe the purer God-head could not dye,
Nor could the impure Man-hood ſatisfie:
Therefore our wiſe God ſuffered bodily.

45 *Adams fall was our thrall.*

Since our firſt Parent, Father *Adams* fall,
Our bodies goods, and ſoules are thus in thrall:
Diuines haue got the ſway ouer our ſoules,
Phyſicions, bodies, Lawyers goods controwle.

47 *A good Preacher.*

The mornings truſty Herauld Chantecleare,
Before he tells vs that the day is neere,
Ruſſels himſelfe, ſtretching forth euery wing,
And then his good newes lowdly he doth ſing:
So a good Preacher ſhoud rouze himſelfe then,
When he intends to ſtirre vp other men.

65 *Niggard and prodigall.*

Niggards nothing will giue, whil'ſt they haue breath:
Vnthrifts haue nothing to giue after death.

76 *Old Criticks. New Phantaſticks.*

His enuy is too groſſe, who likes no new diuice:
And he that likes nothing but new, his enuy is too nice.

77 *A Chriſtians Death.*

As in a way Death doth vs to life bring:
Death's no enterring, but an entering.

80 *Holineſſe is better then Learning.*

To reade Saints liues, and not liue like them holy,
Doth not reſpect, but doth neglect them wholly.

82 *An Atheiſts godlineſſe.*

Thou haſt no Faith on any thing that's paſt,
Nor doſt thou hope on any thing at laſt,
But on the preſent all thy Loue is plaſt.

84 *The diuers effects of praiſe.*

Praiſe doth improue the Good man, hurts the Bad,
Infatuates Fooles, makes wiſe the crafty Lad.

86 *The Enuious and the Fooliſh man.*

The foole wants wit, the enuious a good mind,
Whil'ſt this ſees not, the other will be blind.

96 *Diuine Vertue.*

Vertue an act is, not an idle breath,
In workes, not words, are found Loue, Hope, and Faith.

105 *Young Dayes.*

Then now time was, when firſt of all time was,
When the new world was fram'd out of the maſſe,
Now tell me, Reader, of Antiquities,
Are theſe the elder or the newer dayes?

106 *Deſire, and haue.*

Would'ſt thou doe good? continue thy good will,
He that gaue thee deſire, will giue thee skill.

108 *Good men are better then wiſe men.*

Wiſe men are wiſer then good men. What then?
'Tis better to be better then wiſe men.

110 *Much Preaching. To Preachers.*

'Tis ſigne of much ill, where much preaching needs,
For what needs preaching, where you ſee good deeds?

A reply to mine Author.

Yes, preaching may doe good, where goodneſſe growes,
T'incourage, to confirme, to comfort thoſe.

112 *Eloquence.*

Not he that prates, and takes a foule great deale.
Is eloquent: but hee that talketh well:
As that is not good ground that ranke weeds beares,
But that which breeds good graſſe; or great full eares.
Loue *comes by ſeeing*: Faith *comes by hearing.*

116 *To Princes.*

Now out alas! Zeale, and the ancient Faith
You doe pretend, and warme her with your breath:
Religion you pretend t'increaſe your honour,
Not to reſtore Religions honour on her.

117 *O Times, O Manners!*

With our faults we doe times and manners blame,
Accuſing times and manners with the ſame:
Neither in times nor manners is the crime,
By times we are not viced, but in time.

118 *Knowledge-hunters. Philoſophers of our time.*

Moſt would know all, little beleeue, but ſuch
Doe know but little, and beleeue too much.

120 *More Zeale then Godlineſſe.*

Diuines ſtriue, and their caſe is in the Iudge:
Would God till he did bid, they would not budge:
Diuines ſtriue, and who's Iudge, they do contend.
Would God that that were all they did pretend,
That ſtrife of loue were their intention,
Not loue of ſtrife, and of contention.

123 *A quiet and a temperate life frees a man from Lawyers and Phyſicions.*

If men would temperate be in thought and dyet,
Eating that's good, and keeping themſelues quiet:
If men would patient be, and not be ſtird,
With couetice, and euery teſty word:
Thoſe that now pleade in Gownes, might then part Lice,
And Veluet Caps goe poyſon Rats and Mice.

124 *The viciſſitude of Marriage.*

One bed can hold a louing man and wife:
A great houſe cannot hold them being at ſtrife.

125 *Death ſudden and ſure.*

Death hath his day, which he will not for-ſlow:
To morrow is that day, for ought we know.

128 *A Prayer.*

Good God that doſt all wills to thy will tye:
Giue me a will to liue, a will to dye.

129 *Good Counſell without a Fee.*

If that the Iudge be deafe, then heare thou mee,
Good Counſell I'll thee giue without a Fee:
Study thy Iudge more then thou doſt thy caſe,
So in that caſe thou ſhalt haue no diſgrace.

130 *To a Belly-god.*

Faſting was firſt ordained as a Rod,
To awe fleſh to the ſpirit, the ſpirit to God:
But Faſting-dayes moſt of thy Feaſt dayes be,
Thy ſpirit ſerues thy fleſh, both of them thee.

132 *It is no marueile that we haue no Miracles.*

Is Gods arme ſhort, that Miracles are gone?
No: Our ſhort-arm'd Faith now can reach vs none.

138 *Griefe and Pleaſure.*

Bodies and ſoule-griefes vex, till they are paſt,
Griefes vex vs firſt, they comfort vs at laſt:
But preſent pleaſures pleaſe, though bought with paine:
Their preſent pleaſures future ſorrowes gaine.

140 *An argument against sleeping.*

If dying sleeping, be sleeping to die;
Why, then the more I sleepe, the lesse liue I.

Contrary to the Prayer of the Apostles, Luk.17.5.

143 *The multiplicitie of beliefes in our dayes, doth rather require this prayer.*

Decrease our Faiths, Lord, 'tis increast too farre:
As many men, so many Faithes there are;
And each one dotes on his fond Misteres,
Neuer more faiths, nor more vnfaithfulnes.

146 *Vanity of vanities.*

Heraclitus, that shed so much salt brine,
For those few small ills of his better time:
If hee did see, and know the best of our,
Hee'd weepe out both his eyes in halfe an houre.
And did *Democritus* laugh out his life
In his dayes, when folly was not so rife?
If he dip see those parts that we doe play,
Hee'd laugh out all his Spleene in halfe a day.

148 *Works Consequence.*

Their workes doe follow them, that still doe well:
Those that doe ill, follow their works to Hell.

149 *Feare begets zeale.*

We shall desire Heauen, if we feare Hell fire:
Cold feare of Hell, inflames heauens hot desire.

161 Owens *Bracelet.*

Our senses without Reason, are nought worth;
Nor Reason, vnlesse Faith doe set it forth:
Neither is Faith without Loue to be deem'd;
Nor is Loue without God to be esteem'd.

164 *Wisdome and Valour.*

Wise men feare harmes, but valiant men do beare them:
So wise men beare them not, nor braue men feare them.

165 *In the sweat of thy browes.*

Our blessed God, that bade vs for to get
Our daily maintnance, by our daily swet;

Did neuer promiſe vs, without our paine,
We ſhould our euerlaſting maint'nance gaine.

170 *Retaliation. To an ignoble Nobleman.*

Thy Anceſtors did many glorious acts;
But thou ne'r read'ſt the Record of their facts:
Iuſtice 'twill be in thoſe, who thee ſucceeds,
If they reade not thy vile ignoble deeds.

173 *Iohn againſt all.*

Though all men argue 'gainſt thee in the right,
Thou haſt one anſwer for them; I deny it.

174 *Iuſtification.*

Doth Faith or good works iuſtifie the iuſt?
Neither, except God iuſtifie them firſt.

181. *A ſtrange wiſh. To a poore friend.*

'Tis bad enough; yet worſer God thee ſend:
For when 'tis at the worſt, then it will mend.

182 *The Earths diviſion.*

Coſmographers the Earth in foure parts ſhare.
As many parts, ſo many Creeds there are.

Addition.

Aſia, Affrick, America, Europe.
Iewiſh, Mametan, Pagan, Chriſtian hope.

183. *The cauſe of quarrels.*

All ſauour their owne ſenſe, their reaſons ſway;
All will haue their owne will, and their owne way:
This is the cauſe of quarrels, and debate;
For if will would be ſtill, we ſhould not hate.

185 *A wiſe Man.*

Who knowes the cauſe of things, can temporize,
Rule paſſions, order actions; he is wiſe.

186 *Wiſdomes ſouerainty.*

Fate gouernes fooles, wiſe men o're-rule the ſtarrs:
Not Fate, but their pate orders their affaires.

187 *A Chriſoms Epitaph.*

Aske not the name of him that here doth lye;
Nameleſſe, and blameleſſe, I poore child did dye:

With-

Without a name, O Chriſt, I am ingrau'd,
That onely in thy Name I might be ſau'd.

191 *Socrates knowledge.*

Nothing thou know'ſt, yet that thing thou doſt know;
Thou know'ſt ſome thing, and that's nothing I trow
This ſomething's nothing, nothing's ſomething tho.

193 *A Generall Epitaph.*

Thou wert borne with not one ragge on thy back;
When thou went'ſt hence, a ſheet thou didſt not lack:
Therefore thou carriedſt more vnto thy Mother,
Then thou didſt bring with thee, when thou cam'ſt hither.

196 *The two Eyes of the world.*

Law and Religion doe herein agree;
Good and bad minds and hands; they tye and free.

192 *Death, better then life.*

Wee cry, being borne: from thence thus argue I,
If to be borne be bad, tis good to dye.

197 *To Doctor* Iohn Gifford, *a learned Phyſicion.*

In Phyſicke ſtill thou art exactly ſeene;
Thy ſelfe thou know'ſt both without, and within:
Whilſt *Gallen* ſhewes thee rules for others health
Apollo teacheth thee to know thy ſelfe.

200 *Saint* Pauls *in London, and Saint* Peters *in Weſtminſter.*

Saint *Peters* Church is by the Exchequor plac'd.
Hard by White-hall with the Kings preſence grac'd:
But by Saint *Pauls*, learned Diuines doe preach,
And there are ſold thoſe bookes which learning teach.
They're fitly plac'd, *Pauls* here, Saint *Peters* there;
Peter the richer, *Paul* the learneder.

199 *Miſerable Iob.*

God gaue the Deuill leaue to ſpoyle *Iobs* wealth,
To kill his Children, and impaire his health:
His friends vpbray'd him with his wretched life,
Yet had he one worſe plague; he had a wife.

201 *On those Traytors, who the fift of Nouember, 1605. intended to blow vp the Parliament house with Gunpowder.*

These like the old fain'd Gyant-Generation,
Would pluck the Gods out of their habitation,
With raising *Pelion* vpon Ossa hill.
And Babel towre build with a strange new skill,
Burne Troy to ashes, and her peace disquiet,
And bring all things vnto a second *Fiat*.

Addition.

On this neuer the like heard of Treason, and neuer to be forgotten Deliuerance.

Ne'r did the like report sound in mans eare:
God blest vs, that That sound wee did not heare.

202. *To the Reader.*

To those Gunpowder Traytors, who on a Tuesday intended to blow vp the Parliament House.

Traytors, would you with fire New-Troy destroy,
'Cause Trayterous Greekes with fire destroyd old Troy?
Tuesday is *Mars* his day, the God of Warre,
A day fit for a plot of Gunpowder.

207. *To the Reader.*

Thou that readst these, shalt find them shor and few,
Were these few many, they would larger grow.
Thou that read'st these, shalt find them few, and short:
Were these few long, they'd be the larger for't.

208 *Voice and Writing.*

Though voice be liuing, writing a Lead better,
Yet voice soone dyes, writing liues long and etter.

PART

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE, WHICH HE CALS HIS SOLE BOOKE.

To his Booke.

Epig. 3.

THou now muſt paſſe euen through a world of hands,
Thy cenſure vnder diuers iudgements ſtands:
Who doth not reade thee, may thee diſcommend;
More fault-finders then Readers thou wilt find.

4 *To the Inhabitants of Great Brittaine.*

As bad, as mad, we well That man may hold,
Who doth deſpiſe needfull free-proferd gold:
He worthy were to weare a Bedlam fetter;
You did deſpiſe the Vnion that was better.

10 *The three Dimenſions to a prating lack.*

In thy talke are but two dimenſions found;
'Tis large, 'tis long, but not at all profound.

16 *To a great Courtier.*

If the King ſmile on thee, all will doe ſo;
As ſhaddows doe after our bodies goe:
If the King frowne, all the Court will looke black;
As when the Sunne is ſet, we ſhaddows lack.

17 *Baldneſſe through Vice.*

Though not one haire can on thy head be ſeene:
On that white table all may reade thy ſinne.

18 *To Pontilian.*

Calls he thee into Law, *Pontilian?*
He calls not thee, he calls thy mony, man.

Addition.

He hopes to worke on thee by bribery,
By thy feare, comprimiſe, or forgery.

20 *Ennies Genealogie.*

To the admirably-vertuous, Sir Iohn Harrington, *then Heire to the Lord* Harrington.

Faire Vertue, foule-mouth'd Enuie breeds, and feeds;
From Vertue onely this foule Vice proceeds:
Wonder not that I this to you indite:
'Gainſt your rare Vertues, Enuie bends her ſpite.

23 *A rich Promiſer, but a poore Performer.*

We ſhould performe more, then we promiſe can;
For God hath giuen one tongue, two hands to man:
Nothing thou giu'ſt, yet granteſt each demand,
As if thou hadſt two tongues, but not a hand.

26 *Euery man flatters himſelfe.*

Of all the Planets betwixt vs and Heau'n,
The Moone, though leaſt, ſeemes greateſt of the ſeu'n:
To beſt conceits that other wayes doe know,
Becauſe ſhe's neereſt vs, ſhe ſeemeth ſo.
So though I am a Poet ſmall, and bad;
To my neere ſelfe, I ſeeme the fineſt Lad.

29 *Thy ſhaddow in thy Looking-glaſſe.*

When thou doſt laugh, thy ſhaddow ſeemes to ſmile;
Whilſt thou doſt weepe, he mourneth all the while:
Sleeping he winks, all poſtures hee'l afford;
Yet when thou ſpeak'ſt, he ſpeaketh not a word.

31 *To a ſleeping talker.*

In ſleepe thou ſpeak'ſt vnfore-thought myſteries,
And vtt'reſt vnfore-ſeene things with cloſ'deies:
How well would'ſt thou diſcourſe, if thou wert dead,
Since ſleepe, Deaths image, ſuch fine talke hath bred?

33 *Mans misery.*

Angels want bodies, and are neuer ſick;
Beaſts wanting ſoules, their conſcience neuer prick:
Onely poore man, of ſoule and body made,
Their bodies paines; ſadneſſe their ſoules inuade:
Reaſon that ſhould rule paſſion, is not able;
She only ſhewes men they are miſerable.

35 *To an vnmarried friend.*

Good doers deſerue Heau'n after this life:
Thou haſt thy deſeru'd heau'n, thou haſt no wife.

36 *Woe to the alone.*

To a married friend, propoſing God for an example.

God made him Angels to attend his Throne:
And why? becauſe God would not liue alone.

Addition.

Hauing made Man, makes Woman of his bone:
And why? becauſe man ſhould not liue alone.

38 *An Atheiſts Inheritance.*

When any man of Heau'n doth talke to thee;
Thou ſay'ſt, they vaine, and idle prattlers be:
What's aboue vs, to vs doth not belong,
Hell is below thee to burne ſuch a tongue.

40 *To the Readers.*

Doſt thou aske me, Why I take ſo much paine,
To be thus briefe? Reader, 'tis for thy gaine.
As trauellers find gold leſſe cumberſome
Then ſiluer, ſuch is breuity to ſome.

41 *The New Roman Computation.*

Rome that ſayes, ſhe holds all points without change;
Why doth ſhe old feaſt, from the old ranke range?

50 *To an enuious Momus, who found fault with his three firſt Bookes.*

Had fiue iuſt men amongſt a wicked brood
Been found, Gomorah to this day had ſtood:
For a few bad, looſe verſes thou findſt heere,
My whole booke thou (black Reader) wouldſt caſheere.

53 *The poore Cuckolds Complaint.*

For my wiues close-stolne sports, why am I blam'd?
And of the common vulgar, Cuckold nam'd,
And pointed at? For what I did not act,
But you, I know not who; call't not my fact.

69 *Cardinall* Wolseys *Ego & Rex meus:*
I and my King.

Grammarians will allow I, and my King:
The Courtier say's, it was a saucy thing:
Grammarians teach words; Courtiers words well sort:
This phrase might passe in Schooles, but not at Court.

75 *Deaths Trouer.*

Death finds some, as *Vlysses* found his wife,
With care and sorrow spinning out her life.

Addition.

To her, *Vlysses* was a welcome guest,
To some as welcome is Deaths sad arrest.

80 *A bad Debtor.*

I know, thou tak'st great care both night and day,
Not how thou mayst, but how thou mayst not pay:
Thou payst me nothing, that's thy wickednesse:
But payst thy Lawyer, that's thy foolishnesse.

82 *The derinatiue Church.*

There is but one true Church, as one true Faith,
Which from th'Eternall Spirit hath her breath:
From Primitiue all would themselues deriue,
To proue it, they strange arguments contriue.

84 *The good of want.*

If how good things are, by want best are knowne,
I should know mony's good, for I haue none.

87 Democrates *many Worlds.*

If all those Worlds were, those innumerable,
Which fond *Democrates* did earst belieue:
I doe beleeue, that amongst all that rabble,
This world would be the worst wherein we liue.

88 *Of Epigrams.*

An Epigram that's new, quick, tart, sharp, witty,

Is like a Wench that's new, faire, ſmooth, neate, pretty:
Whilſt they are new and freſh, they are reſpected:
Once commnon (though ſtill good) they are neglected.

91 *A couetous mans bounty: or a ſure marke-man.*

He giues to take, takes not to giue againe:
Giuing his arrowes are, his marke is gaine.

93 Penelope's *Patience.*

Penelope's patient Fidelity
Was once a Prouerbe, now a Prodigy.

94 *To* Anetta.

Nature ('tis ſaid) with little is content:
That ſaying of thy Nature is not ment.

95 *To an one-eyed Souldier.*

Of thy two eyes, thou now haſt left but one,
Which by his moiſtneſſe alway ſeemes to mone:
One eye being loſt, why alway weeps the other?
Becauſe that in the warres he loſt his brother.

96 *Why there is no peace in Europe.*

Princes make warre, and ſoone their warres doe ceaſe,
Oft times they warre to haue the better peace:
Diuines ſtriue, and with Venome fill their veines,
With gall their ſtomackes, and with ſpite their braines:
Longer and worſe they warre with quills and words,
Then Princes vſe to doe with fire and ſwords.

97 *An Antidote, leſt women ſhould be proud.*

When thou thy faire face ſee'ſt in thy fine glaſſe,
Be not puft vp, becauſe it beauty has:
Brittle and fraile is thy faire, fine, neate feature:
How like thy fine glaſſe art thou pretty Creature?

100 *Natures Horizon.*

Two Elements we ſee not, fire and aire;
Water and Earth wee ſee, 'cauſe they are neere:
So wee know men and beaſts that are below;
High Angels, higheſt God, we doe not know.

105 *An ambo dexter.*

A Fencer with a two-hand Scabberd.

If *Pompey* ouercome, I am his man:
If *Cæsar* winne, I'm a Cæsarian.

113 *A Kings behauiour.*

To King Iames.

All subiects in their manners follow Kings,
What they doe; bids: forbearing, forbids things:
A Kings behauiour swayes his subiects lyues:
As the first moouer all the fixt starres driues.

114 *The head is worth all the body besides.*

To King Iames.

Reason and senses in the head resides:
Nothing in man worth any thing besides.

115 *Kings feare Death.*

What Kings feare most, what men feare them to tell:
Fame boldly tells them, and the passing Bell.

118 *A Losing Gaine.*

Adam did lose a rib, to get a wife.
Poore gaine! by her he lost eternall Life.

119 *Head Tyres.*

Huge, high-topt-wyres and tyres with toyes bespred,
Doe rather build, then beautifie the head.

121 *The East and Westerne Churches.*

The right hand Faith is in the worlds left Coast:
The right hand of the world hath left faith most.

127 *To his Reader.*

Thirsty those are that doe eat salt meats first,
Would my salt lines might cause in thee such thirst.

128 *How to rule a wife.*

Who begs not, nor commands what he would haue:
His wife is not his Mistresse, nor his slaue.

Addition.

A Probleme.

Yet some are so ill-natur'd, or ill bred,
With whom request commands; threats haue ill sped:
What bit is fit for beasts that so take head?

131 *To Anabaptists and such kind of mealy Brethren.*

You build no Churches, Churches you destroy:
This Zeale doth not heale, but Christs Church annoy:
The Spirit (you say) doth presse you fiercely on.
* Reuel. 9.11. What spirit is your spirit then? * A-badd-on.

132 *Alchymists folly.*

God at the first of nothing all things wrought:
Our Alchymists reduce all things to nought.

136 *The Crosse in Cheapside ouer against Saint* Peters, *and* Pauls *Crosse in the Booke-row.*

Why is Saint *Peters* guilt? *Pauls* crosse of lead:
Vnder *Pauls* Crosse are golden Lectures read.

140 Seneca *the Philosopher.*

Thy writings are fine Epigrams in face,
They nothing want but Poets cinquepace.

141 *To the honourable, wise, iudicious Knight,* *Sir* Henry Neuil, *Sonne and Heire to the Lord of Aberguenny.*

I thinke I heard you once say at your boord,
That your taste, the sharp taste of salt abhord.
Wise Sir, you need not to eat salt: Wherefore?
All your wise talke hath salt in it good store.

144 *Contention is fit to dwell no where.*

In heauen or Hell is no dissention,
In Heauen all good, in Hell ill euery one:
In earth mens diuers dispositions
Doe cause both long, and strong diuisions.
Therefore the earth shall be quite emptied,
And heauen and hell be fully peopled.

147 *The poore mans poore comfort. To a rich man.*

Vnconstant Fortune quickly changeth cheare:
Hence springs my future *Hope*, thy present *Feare.*

149 *The Heart.*

Why is the right side of the Heart bereft?
And on the left plac'd? Wisedome it hath left.

156 *The Worlds blacke Saunts: or Muſicke for the Deuill.*

The World's ſo full of ſhrill-voyc'd iangling,
Of deepe repyning, and baſe murmuring:
The Baſe ſo deepe, the Trebſe is ſo high,
That Meane and Tenor we cannot diſcry.

159 *The world growes worſe and worſe.*

Our Syres were worſe then theirs: we worſe then they:
For ſtill the World growes worſer eu'ry day.
If our poſterity grow worſe then we,
A worſer race then theirs there cannot be.

160 *Londons Loadſtone.*

As Thames deuoures many ſmall brookes and rills:
Soe ſmaller Townes with their wealth London fills:
But though that Thames empts it ſelfe in the Sea,
Wealth once at London, neuer runnes away.

162 *Fooles and Dwarfes.*

Though wit or vertue haue in vs no treaſure,
Yet we are Great mens ſports, and Great mens pleaſure.

163 *Euery man is full of care.*

Poore men haue care, becauſe that they are poore:
Rich men haue wealth, and haue much care therefore:
Who hath no wife, takes great care to haue one;
Who hath a wife, hath more then who hath none.

171 *The bleſſed Virgin* Mary, *the Mother of Chriſt Ieſus.*

A bleſſed Virgin, that's thy common Name;
Aboue all Women bleſt, that is thy fame:
Thy Virgins bleſſed State had me nought wonne,
Had'ſt thou not beene the Mother of thy Sonne.

173 *New faſhions in words.*

Old words are new reuiu'd, and thoſe ſhall dye,
Which now are in diſcourſing prized high,
And with bold flights in our ſet ſpeeches fly.
Our now new pleaſant words will not pleaſe long,
Becauſe they cannot ſtill continue young:
And other newer words will them out-throng.

180 *To an Old Churle.*

Thou that did'ſt neuer doe good any way,
When wilt begin to doe good? Thou doſt ſay,
When I dye, to the poore Ile leaue my ſtate:
Who's not wiſe till he dyes, is wiſe too late.

182 *A fearefull Soules fleſh-farewell.*

Why ſhould the immortall ſoule feare bodies death?
Feares ſhee to expire with the bodies breath?
Or feares ſhe going hence, ſhe muſt reſort
To long long puniſhment, but iudgement ſhort?
Cold, ſhaking feare of the hot fire of hell,
Makes this ſad ſoule loth bid the fleſh farewell.

Addition.

A good Chriſtians Soules Fleſh-farewell.

A thought ſo baſe hath not that ſoule ſurpriz'd,
Who knowes the fleſh ſhall be immortaliz'd:
He feares no puniſhment, who is aſſur'd
Before he dye, his pardon is procur'd.
Body and ſoule thus chear'd by Gods grace,
Part like friends, pointing a new meeting place:
Therefore who hopes for Heauen, and feares not Hell,
May chearefully bid the fraile fleſh farewell.

An Epigram on both theſe.

Hee feares not death, who hopes for Heauens glory;
He may feare Death, that feareth purgatory,
Or he that thinkes this life ſhall end his ſtory.

A Prayer hereupon.

*Phil. 2. 12. Good dreadfull God, though I liue *fearefully;
Yet when I dye, make me dye cheerefully.

183 *A woman may be too proud.*

If I ſhould praiſe thee, thou wouldſt prouder grow:
And thou already art too proud, I trow.

184 *A muck-Worme.*

Heau'n ſtill views thee, and thou ſhouldſt it ſtill view,
God gaue Heau'n lights, and hath giu'n eyes to you:
Thou canſt at once little of this earth ſee,
But with one turne, halfe Heau'n obſeru'd may bee.

Since

Since Heau'n is louely, why lou'ſt thou Earth rather?
Wantons doe loue their Mam more then the father.

188 *Cor vnum, via vna.*

To King Iames, *the firſt King of Great Brittaine.*

Two Scepters in thy two hands thou doſt hold:
Thy Subiects languages are iuſt foure-fold:
Though Brittaine folke in tongues deuided bee,
Yet all their hearts vnited are in thee.
The Diuell it was that firſt deuided hearts:
Speach God diuided into many parts.

189 *A King and a Prophet.*

A King out of his Countrey hath no place:
A Prophet in his Country hath no grace.

190 *Vertues Attendance.*

Theſe two like *Genij* follow Vertue ſtill:
A good one, and a bad; Glory, Ill-will.

192 *To a fooliſh inquiſitiue vaine prattler.*

Many fond queſtions thou doſt aske of me,
To all I anſwer little vnto thee:
'Tis not becauſe thy queſtioning is much,
But becauſe thy fond queſtions are ſuch.

193 *Sleepe is the image of Death.*

When I doe ſleep, I ſeeme as I were dead;
Yet no part of my life's more ſweetned:
Therefore 'twere ſtrange that death ſhould bitter be,
Since ſleep, deaths image is ſo ſweet to me.

194 *How worldly men range their cares.*

Firſt, we ſend for the Lawyer in all haſte;
For our firſt care is, to care for our wealth:
Next, the Phyſicion with requeſt is graſte,
The ſecond care is, to care for our health:
Diuines that ſhould be firſt, may come at leaſure;
If vnbid they come, they may goe at pleaſure.

206 *A Lawyers life.*

To plead thy Clyents cauſe, and pleaſe thy wife;
Little for thy ſelfe thou doſt ſpend thy life.

Addition.

In little quietneſſe, but in much ſtrife.

207 *Preachers and Players.*

Preachers like *Heraclite,* mourne for our ſinne;
Prayers like *Democrite,* at our faults grinne:
One alwaies laughs, the other mournes alwaies;
One tells our faults, the other our ſinnes wayes.

215 *Schoole-boyes ſtudy.*

When I was young, I was a ſtudying boy;
My ſtudy was, when 'twould be playing Day.

216 *Euery thing is as it takes.*

If *Archy* ſhould one fooliſhly aduiſe,
And it ſpeed well; he ſhall be iudged wiſe:
If wiſe aduice ſhould come to an ill paſſe;
Though *Cato's* 'twere, he ſhould be iudg'd an aſſe.

217 *How to handle griefe.*

Grieue onely for thoſe griefes which now thou haſt;
Tis too late for to grieue griefes that are paſt;
To grieue for griefes to come, 'twill too long laſt.

223 *The* Poet, *of his Macenas.*

Not words for words, good coyne he me affords.

Macenas to his Poet.

Hauing no coyne for coyne, thou coyneſt words.

225 *Blind Homer.*

Whe'r it be true that men doe write of thee,
That thou ne'r ſaw'ſt; I'm ſure thy writings ſee.

227 *To goe about, worſe then the Goute.*

Thou haſt two diffring griefes (I vnderſtand:)
One in thy feet, th'other in thy wiues hand:
For when thy feet are fett'red with the goute,
Thy wiues ſore nimble hand ferkes thee about.

235 *Pride is womans Colloquintida.*

Learned, neate, young, faire, modeſt, and bening;
Wert thou not proud, thou wert a pretty thing.

24 *Of King* Brute.

To Maſter Camden.

Bookes may be burnt, and monuments decay;

My lines may dye, and ſo in time thine may:
Yet whil'ſt ſome of the Brittaine blood ſhall liue,
The ſtory of King *Brute* ſome will beleeue.

246 *To a couetous Carle.*

Wealth thou haſt ſcrap'd vp for a thouſand yeares;
A hundred yeares is more then thou canſt liue:
Yet to ſcrape vp more wealth thou bendſt thy cares,
And thinkſt a ſhort life will long comfort giue.
Thou ſay'ſt, If I liue long, I ſhall be rich:
Liue I long, I muſt dye, ſh ould bee thy ſpeach.

247 *Death and life are neere Neighbours.*

One Natures skreene Death and life hang ſo neere,
As doth the muddy Earth to waters cleere:
Of lifes white Death, blacke Nature makes one robe,
Euen as the Earth and Water makes one Globe.

248 Moores *Eutopia, and* Mercurius *Brittanicus.*

Moore ſhew'd the beſt; the worſt world's ſhew'd by thee:
Thou ſhew'ſt what is; and he ſhewes what ſhould be.

C
H
F A
H A R
O I I
P T T
E H Y

259. *Vide ad Cor. verſ.* *Epiſt. 1. cap. 13. 8, 13.*

We haue three ladders to helpe vs to heau'n;
One hath foure ſteps, one fiue, and one hath ſeu'n:
Hope reacheth to the Moone, Faith to the Sunne;
But Charity doth reach vp to Gods Throne.

Addition.

Hope, as the Moone, is alwaies variable;
Faith, as the Sunne, more conſtant, yet vnſtable:
When both theſe with the World ſhall be conſum'd,
Loue into endleſſe ioyes ſhall be aſſum'd.

249 *Of himſelfe.*

Some men doe ſay, I am a Poet no way:
They doe ſay true, becauſe the truth I ſay.

254 *The nullity of our Lawes.*

How many lawes are made, or rather none?
Not kept, or not made, we may count all one:
That former lawes be kept, if an Act were;
That would be kept as all the others are.

257 *Beſides women and children.*

In holy Bible it is ſomewhere read;
Women and children were not reckoned:
And by the Ciuill, and the Common Law,
Womens and childrens gifts are worth a ſtraw.
VVomen and children are exempt from warre;
VVomen and children long-ſide coates doe weare,
And on the chins neither of them haue haire.
VVomen and children ſhead teares with much eaſe;
Faire words and toyes, women and children pleaſe:
And laſt, of Loue and Dallyance we may ſay,
Venus a VVoman was; *Cupid* a Boy.

Addition.

A diſpariſon betweene theſe.

Children fondly blab truth, and fooles their brothers;
VVomen haue learn'd more wiſdome from their mothers.

258 *Of thoſe that make the Scripture a Noſe of Waxe.*

Doth holy Writ promiſe vs any good?
'Tis eaſily beleeu'd, and vnderſtood:
Doth it require ought, or reprooue our ſinne?
'Tis a hard ſpeech; wee haue no faith therein.

262 *The Harpe and Harrow of the Court. An enuious and a flattering knaue.*

Theſe agree not, though in one place they dwell;
Momus of none, *Gnatho* of all ſpeakes well.

263 *The foure efficient cauſes of man.*

What is mans forme? Onely a gariſh toy;
What is his matter? Frailty and annoy:
Enough for this cauſe, we may theſe two neglect,
Making, and *finall cauſe* we muſt reſpect.

264 *Deaths*

64 *Deaths ſweet and ſowre.*

To thoſe that haue their liues in much mirth ſpent;
Death's ſadnes is to ſad men, merriment.

Or thus.

To thoſe that liue in ſinne, Death is good night;
Good morrow 'tis to thoſe that liue vpright.

266 *Death and life.*

One way we liue, Death many wayes is had:
All's for the beſt; Death is good, life is bad.

267 *An old decrepit man, A Builder.*

Old, and weake, thou build'ſt many a faire roome:
What build'ſt thou now? A houſe, or elſe a Tombe?

269 *An Envious mans Charity.*

The dead thou ſpar'ſt, the liuing thou doſt bite:
Yet rather then I'd dye, I'le beare thy ſpite.

273 *Great Brittaine vnited euerlaſtingly.*

As in beginning 'twas, is now agen;
Euer ſhall be, till this world ends. Amen.

FINIS.

An excellent Anagram on this excellent Poets name, with the verſes annexed, tranſlated.

Iohannes Audoenus.
Ad annos Noë vives.

ALthough that this cannot be ſaid of you:
Yet of your booke, this Anagram is true.
D.Du.Tr.Med.

This of thee, and thy booke, auerd may be;
Thou mak'ſt thy booke liue, and thy booke makes thee.
Iohn Roſſe. I.C.

D.Du.Med. his Latine Diſtick to the Readers, tranſlated.

Art thou a Clerke, or Lay-man? Reade thou theſe;
They will both profit you, and you both pleaſe.
One of mine owne, to the ſame purpoſe.
Art thou a merry man, or art thou ſad?
To ſute you both, fit ſtuffe may hence be had.

Praiſe-worthy verſes of Learned Miſtris Iane Owens *of Oxford, in praiſe of my* Iohn Owen, *tranſlated out of her Latine.*

It was, and is Poets quaint property,
To carpe at men, and womens vanity:
Yet this I iudge, Thy ſalt lines merit it;
Both men and women will commend thy wit.

To the ſame learned Woman, whoſe vertues I reuerence; I dedicate this Encomiaſtick.

I'd rather haue thy praiſes on my ſide,
Then any Womans I doe know beſide:
Thy wit and iudgement is more iuſt and able,
Then many miriads of the vnlearned rabble.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

SEVERALL SENTENTIOVS EPIGRAMS, AND WITTY SAYINGS OVT of ſundry Authors both Ancient and Moderne:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AT HARBOR-Grace, in Briſtols-Hope, in Brittaniola,

Anciently called, *New-found-land*;

By R. H.



LONDON,
Printed by *Felix Kyngſton* for *Roger Michell*, and are to be ſold at the Buls-head in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1628.

A WEAKE APOLOGIE FOR MY WEAKENESSE in these following Translations.

WE think it no strang thing; nor do we laugh,
To see an old, weake man walke with a staffe:
I that could with strong legs runne a large fit,
Must now with short turnes, rest on others wit.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TRANSLATIONS OVT OF SEVERALL AVTHORS.

Beauties Excellencie.

VErtue to all complections giueth Grace:
But Vertue graced is by a good face.

Pulchrior eſt virtus veniens è corpore pulchro.

The Deuils hoſpitality.

Satan keepes open houſe; though ſorry cheere:
His blacke-wicket ſtands open all the yeere.

Patet atri ianua Ditis.

A Rule for periured lecherous Votaries.

If that againſt your Oathes you muſt needs doe:
To 't cloſely then that none may ſweare 'twas you.

Si non caſtè tamen cautè.

Cares Birth.

In yonger yeeres black melancholy Cares
Breeds with hard throwes, hoare, white, abortiue haires.

Cura facit canos, etiamſi neſciat annos.

A ſcuruy comfort.

It is a comfort, though a ſcuruy one,
To haue companions in affliction.

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

Womens leuity.

What's lighter then the wind? Thunder, you know.
What's lighter then that cracke? Lightning, I trow.
What's lighter then that flame? Why ſure a Woman.
What's lighter now then that? Nay that knowes no man.

Quid vento leuius? Fulmen.
Quid fulmine? Flamma.
Quid flamma? Mulier.
Quid Muliere? Nihil.

To anſwer him who wrought this in defence of thoſe women who can well enough defend themſelues.

Good wiues, I thinke, the man that made this Ieſt,
Ne'r felt the weight of your words, nor your fiſt.

Dangerous Weapons.

There are not kild ſo many by the ſword,
As by the throat, by meate, drinke, and the cord.

Plures gulâ quàm gladio.

A merry Mate.

Comes facundus pro vehiculo est.

A merry Way-mate that can *tale* and *skoch*,
With a tyr'd horse, is better then a *C'roach.*

Patience prouoked.

Læsâ patientiâ fit furor.

If doubled wrongs inflame cold Patience blood:
Her mildnesse will conuert to a mad mood.

Womens properties.

Fallere, flere, nere: hæc tria sunt muliere.

To weepe oft, still to flatter, sometimes spin;
Are properties women excell men in.

To this women may answer.

We weepe for pittie, and we speake men faire,
And of their houshold thrift we haue great care:
Yet enuious men our credits would impaire.

Froward nature.

Nitimur in vetitum, semper cupimúsq; negata.

Deny a thing, fond men the more will craue it:
Deny a woman, and shee'l cry, or haue it.

In defence of these soft Creatures.

Alas, good Creatures, teares are all their Armes;
To beat backe griefe, and to reuenge their harmes.

Miserable want.

Luxuriæ desunt multa, auaritiæ omnia.

Luxurious men may want particulars:
But misers all things want (except their cares.)

Impatible wrong.

Qui faciunt, oderunt iniuriam.

Those that wrong other men beyond all measure,
Will take wrongs done to them in great displeasure.

Law and Fortunes difference.

Legem nocens veretur, Fortuna innocens.

Wise Law corrects those that commit offence:
Blind giddie Fortune plagueth innocence.

A miserable Comforter.

Prodesse qui vult, nec potest, æquè est miser.

He that can helpe his friend but with his breath;
Is in the case of him he comforteth.

A Rule for Trauellers.

Cum fueris Romæ, Romano viuito more.
Cum fueris alibi, viuito more loci.

Being at Rome, I hold it good discretion
In manners, and in clothes to vse their fashion:
And when that thou art any other-where,
'Tis fit to vse the fashion thou find'st there.

A Riddle.

My Mother got me, I beget my Mother:
Alternately thus we beget each other.

Mater me genuit, eadem mox gigniter ex me.

Womens Teares.

When women weepe in their diſſembling Art,
Their teares are ſawce to their malicious heart.

Muliebris lacrima condimentum malitiæ.

I anſwer for women.

He that wrote this, was ſure ſome ſawcie Iacke:
Againſt your Sex, malice he did not lacke.

Neceſſity.

Neceſſity hath no law, no, not any;
Yet ſhee the Mother is to a great many.

Neceſſitas dat legem, non ipſa accipit.

Doubly-guilty.

He that commits a ſhamefull hainous fact,
Is doubly-guilty, by that ſingle act.

In turpi re peccare, bis delinquere eſt.

Neceſſary Reſtitution.

Thy ſinnes, be ſure, will on thy backe remaine,
Till thy ill-got goods thou giue backe againe.

Non tollitur peccatum, niſi reſtituatur oblatum.

Ranke couetouſneſſe.

The ranke deſire of money growes alwayes,
Faſter then money's coyned now adayes.

Creſcit amor nummi, quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit.

Natures frailtie.

I ſee, and doe allow the better way:
Yet ſtill I know not how I goe aſtray.

Video meliora, prob q;, deteriora ſequor.

Miſerable miſery of miſeries.

Three times vnhappy is that man at leaſt,
To whom milde Mercie 's an vnwelcome gueſt.

Quam miſer eſt, cui ingrata miſericordia eſt?

Innocencies Comfort.

For a good cauſe to dye, is honeſt ſhame:
Although a halter ſhould procure the ſame.

Eſt honeſta turpitudo pro bona cauſa moti.

Preachers principall properties.

That Preacher with a liuely voyce doth preach,
That with his life as well as voyce doth teach.

Viuâ voce docet, qui vitâ & voce docet.

How to end well.

He ſurely hath his buſineſſe halfe well done,
Who hath at firſt his bus'neſſe well begun.

Dimidium facti, qui benè cæpit, habet.

On a pretty Virgins Virginall Posie.

Musica mentis, Medicina mœstæ. Musicke is a sad minds Physicion,
If a faire maide be the Musicion.

Blind Ignorance.

Ignoti nulla cupido. Blinder then *Cupid* is he in desire,
In whom blind ignorance puts out the fire.

Womens Credit.

Mulieri ne credas ne mortuæ quidem. A woman is not to be credited:
If you will credit me, though shee be dead.

That women be not angry with me, nor my Author.

Mine Author makes a man speake this in snuffe:
Himselfe was wise, he knew you well enough.

Teares Vanity.

Gemitus dolores indicat, non vindicat. Our outward Teares may show our inward woes:
They are a poore reuenge against our foes.

Fortunes Flowers.

Dum fueris fœlix, multos numera bis amicos: Nullus ad amissos ibit amicus opes. Whil'st wealth doth last, great store of friends thou hast:
If thou it waste; thou soone may'st tell the last.

Armour against lust.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus. If thou from idle thoughts canst guard thy heart:
Thou mak'st it Musket-proofe 'gainst *Cupids* dart.

Anger.

Habet & Musca splenem, & Formicæ sua bilis inest. The sting-taild small Muscheeto hath his spleene:
The busie Ant sometimes is angry seene.

A Builders Humor.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. He buildeth vp what he threw to the ground;
And changeth former foure-squares into round.

Truths and flatteries effects.

Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit. Flattery gets Friends, and Truth gets Enemies:
Soft and proud fooles this Adage verifies.

Exemplified.

Flatter an easie foole, on you he'll doate:
Tell a proud foole his faults, hee'll cut your throat.

Refractory nature.

Optat Ephippia bos piger arare caballus. Dull Oxen long for saddles and the dorses;
Whil'st chaines and yoakes, desires hot stomackt horses.

Addi-

Addition.

Dull people need the ſpurres, more then the ſaddle;
Yet * yoaking may young hot-ſpurres better bridle. Id eſt, *marrying.*

Three wilde Coach-horſes.

Wine, *Venus*, Dice, fit Iades for ſuch a feat; Alea, vina, Venus,
Draw men to Beggers-buſh without a baite. tribus his ſum factus egenus.

From the frying pan into the fire.

From Vſhing coueting himſelfe to free, Incidit in Syllam,
On Sillaes Biſhop and his Clerks fell hee. cupiens vitare Charibdem.

Womens extreme paſſions.

Women doe fondly loue, or foulely hate; Aut amat, aut odit
Their extreme paſſion hath no middle ſtate. Mulier, nihil eſt tertium.

To reforme this error in this man.

Why ſhouldeſt thou their goodneſſe thus decline?
Vertue is of the Gender Fœminine.

A Citizens Thrift.

O Citizens, learne firſt your bags to fill! O Clues Cives,
And then of honeſty goe learne the skill. quærenda pecunia primùm:
Virtus poſt nummos ——

Hels Highway.

There is an eaſie downe-deſcent to Hell: Facilis deſcenſus
Thoſe that goe there, doe know it too-too well. Auerni.

Coozening knaues.

To coozen coozeners, is no cooz'ning: Fallere fallentem
To coozen any, it's a knauiſh thing. non eſt Fraus:
Fallere quenquam, non eſt Laus.

No penny, no Pater Noſter.

Homer, if thou nothing with thee doſt bring; Si nihil attuleris,
Thou mayſt without reward without doore ſing. ibis Homere foras.

A wicked Vbiquitary.

The wicked doth his wickedneſſe declare Nequam nequitiam monſtrat
At all times, againſt all, and eu'ry where. vbique ſuam.

A wiſe choiſe.

Raile at me rather, till thou breake thy guts; Mallem me vituperari quàm frigidè laudari.
Then coldly praiſe me with thy Ifs and Buts.

Cuſtomes inconuenience.

What ſinnes thou vſeſt often to commit: Conſuetudo peccandi tollit ſenſum peccati.
Will flow from thee, without ſence, feare, or wit.

As for example.

Reprooue a ſwearer, who doth vſe to teare
Gods holy Name: hee'l ſweare, he did not ſweare,
Or for your loue, or that ſinne will not care.

Nothing new.

Nil eſt iam dictum quod non fuit dictum prius.

Speake old words, or coine new words by the ſcore:
What-e're thou ſpeak'ſt, hath ſpoken been before.

A true inquiſition.

Nec me quęſiveris extra.

Not of my out-ſide, nor of thoſe that dwell
With me, nor the report my neighbours tell:
Come to me, into me, to know me well.

Painters and Poets properties.

——Pictoribus atque Poëtis,
Quodlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

Painters and Poets haue like power and skill;
To adde, to foiſt, to feigne euen what they will.

Wicked Women.

Fœminium ſeruile genus, crudele, ſuperbum.

Women are of the gender feminine;
Proud, cruell, ſeruile (in mine Authors time.)

Addition.

A Claw.

Although of women he could ſay ſo then;
Women may ſay ſo now of naughty men.

Perfect patience.

Optima ſpero, quęcunq; feram.

What-euer comes, I alway hope the beſt:
And till that come, I mildly beare the reſt.

A good womans reward.

Fœmina nulla bona, ſed ſi bona, digna Coronâ.

There is not one good woman to be found:
And if one were, ſhe merits to be crown'd.

In the behalfe of good women, who cannot ſpeake for themſelues.

Good women, he that blurr'd you with this blot,
Deſerues a crowning with your chamberpot:
With enuious eyes he ſought for you; or elſe
He might haue found you with my ſpectacles.

A Churles good.

Auarus niſi cùm moritur, nihil recti facit.

The couetous doth nothing as he ſhould,
Till lauiſh death doth ſpread abroad his gold.

Light of beliefe.

Let the wide-throated circumcised Iew
Swallow it, and beleeue that it is true.

Credat Iudæus apella.

Addition.

The baptiz'd Papist, circumcised Turke,
If for their Church aduantage it may worke;
One swallowes all, [a] the other all saue [b] Porke.

[a] Vid. *The Legend printed in* Hen 8. *time. I thinke the conformitie Presse hath suppressed it.*

Whilest stigmaticall Francis *in the Legend dares eate a Capon on a Friday at supper; to worke a ridiculous miracle the next Sunday: yet to satisfie his canonicall host, can vrge our blessed Sauiours words,* Mat. 15. 11. *I beleeue a Turke would not swallow a miracle in his owne behalfe, if it were done by Pigs-flesh.*

Sweet Gaine.

The smell of gaine smels pleasantly indeed,
Although from stinking parcels it proceed.

Lucri bonus est odor, ex re quâlibet.

Hunger breakes stone walls.

Of Gold the holy hunger, who can tell,
To what will it not mortall minds compell?

Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Auri sacra fames?

Addition.

Gold maketh bad men to doe what good is:
Too-often it makes good men doe amisse.

Complaints out of Spanish.

The old man weepes, for want of loue, being grieu'd:
His young wife weepes, 'cause he so long hath liu'd.

Addition.

Sad reuerence (he saith) should affection moue:
Sir reuerence (she sayes) hath out-liu'd his loue.

Virgils Cloze.

Come on, my Boyes, stop vp the water-groose,
The thirstie Meddowes now haue drunk enough.

Cludite iam riuos pueri, sat prata biberunt.

FINIS.

A rayling Epistle, written in French by that excellently witty Doctor, *Francis Rabalais:*

Wherein though I follow him not verbatim; yet whoso can compare them, shall find I haue done him no wrong.

THou toothlesse wither'd Hagge, defam'd, accurst;
Empty of Gods grace, by the Deuill nurst:
Thou that didd'st neuer deed of Charitie;
But art the patterne of all villanie:
Thou, in whose haireless braines ill thoughts do throng,
And tak'st chiefe ioy to heare a bawdie song:
Thou, that didd'st neuer drinke water with wine,
Senting each bed with lust, where thou hast line:
Thou that doost weep at eu'ry draught thou drink'st;
But hast dry eyes, when on thy sinnes thou think'st:
Thou that ador'st no bed, but *Priapus*:
Thou that didst ne'r, but for inticement blush:
Thou that hast pist'd away thy vnknowne shame:
Thou that hast entertain'd each one that came:
Thou martyrer of men, 'tis not the pose,
That causeth thee to speake thus through the nose.
Thou that art slow to Churchward as the louse;
But quick as lightning to a bawdy-house:
Thou with whose age hot lust doth not declyne,
Thou more insatiate then tyr'd *Messaline*.
Thou stinking, with'red, stale; thou past a whore;
Thou lust procurer, keeper of the doore:
Thou that dost tempt faire Maydens to their shame,
And for gaines sake, rob'st wiues of their faire name:
Thou damn'd damn'd Bawd, that do'st procure thy meales,
By tempting wenches to turne vp their——
Thou that did'st neuer take delight to worke;
Thou in whose bosome snarling quarrels lurke;

Thou

Thou that in angrie mood doſt neuer ſtay;
Worſe then *Megera* or *Teſiphonee*,
Vntill thine anger be with blood appeas'd;
Like a Shee-wolfe, that her mild prey hath ſeaz'd,
Lyons, and Beares, and Griffins gentle bee,
And free from rage, being compar'd with thee.
In thee, mercy is pent; but rage hath ſcope:
Thou fitter for the fire, then for the rope.
Thou witch that doſt delight foule Toads to foſter;
And alway ſay'ſt the Diuels *Pater Noſter*.
Thou that excell'ſt *Medea* in vile charmes:
Thou that kill'ſt children in their Mothers armes;
Thou that from Heau'n canſt call the crooked Moone,
And make the Sunne darke at the brighteſt noone.
For theſe good parts, a ſecret marke vnknowne,
Satan hath mark't thee with, to be his owne:
And he to thinke on thee, for ioy doth ſwell,
Hoping ere long to fry thy bones in Hell.
Thou ſoone wilt kill his ioy with future ſorrow,
When he ſhall know the Pox hath eate thy marrow.
Thou whore, thou witch, thou bawd, cruſted in euill,
Thou that mayſt be Schoolemiſtres to the Deuill,
Thou that with ſtinking breath ſpeak'ſt ill of many,
Wert neuer heard ſpeake good words of any:
And though thy toothleſſe gummes can doe no wrong,
Thoſe ſlanders bite, that flow from thy lewd tongue.
Thou Hag, from whoſe blaſpheming wide mouth goes
Worſe then ranke poyſon to a faſting noſe:
Thy dugs by thine owne baſtard brats defil'd,
Are yet thought fit to nurſe the Deuils child:
Thy head hangs downe through thy ſinnes weightines,
Thy body doubles with thy wickednes:
Thou Treuet, hadſt thou but one mite of grace,
Thou wouldſt forethinke thy miſerable caſe.
What hope haſt thou, continuing as thou do'ſt,
To ſcape hell fire? Hope not: to Hell thou muſt.
Thy ſoule as wiſe, I doe repute her for it;

(Although her pureneſſe did at firſt abhorre it)
Keepes ſtill her loathſome Cabinet; foreſeeing,
If ſhe leaue this, her worſer place of being,
She needs among the damned ſoules muſt throng:
And that's the reaſon that thou liu'ſt ſo long.
What haſt thou good in thee, but onely this,
That thy loath'd outſide a true patterne is
Of thy vile liuing? Sinne, and want of grace,
Are ditched in the wrinkles of thy face:
Thou bunch-back-bug-beare-fac'd, ſplay-foot, Cat-hand;
Thou rough-bark'd-ſtinking Elder, worſe then damn'd;
Thou, about whoſe ſcurfe-head the Deuils flutter;
Thou viler vild, then I haue words to vtter:
Amend thy lewd life; or I ſweare to thee,
For one ill-fauour'd word, I'le giue thee three.

120 *Another Epiſtle of the ſame witty Author,*
Francis Rabelais, *in praiſe of a graue*
Matrone; tranſlated as the
former.

THou reuerend Matrone, whoſe ſweet grace & forme,
Would a young, faire, ſweet, hanſome face adorne;
Thy modeſt carrying, and thy reuerend wit,
Shewes that Gods grace within thy heart doth ſit:
Thou in whoſe hands are alway found good books;
But on loue-toyes thy chaſte eyes neuer looks:
Thou that haſt in thy braines imprinted deepe
Chriſt Ieſus, who from thence ill thoughts doth keepe:
In thy milde ſoule rich vertue hath her ſtore;
As God giues wealth to thee, thou giu'ſt the poore.
Thy heart is alway open to relieue,
And comfort thoſe whom miſeries doe grieue:
And with thine owne white hands doſt not diſdaine
To plaiſter thoſe poore folkes, whom ſores doe paine.
The hungry thou do'ſt feed with thine owne meate;
The naked, cold, with thine owne cloathes do'ſt heate;

Thy

Thy poore ſick neighbours thou doſt kindly viſit;
Thou giu'ſt them counſell, mak'ſt them kitchin phyſick:
Thou free'ſt poore pris'ners with thine owne eſtate:
The fatherleſſe thou do'ſt compaſſionate,
And do'ſt ſo many godly deeds withall,
That Ieſus Chriſt may thee his Siſter call.
From fooliſh vanities thou turn'ſt thine eyes,
And ſhutt'ſt thy eares againſt malicious lyes.
Although foule ſluttiſh ſmells thou do'ſt abhorre;
Perfumers get nothing by thee therefore.
Thy table 's furniſh'd with cleane, wholſome fare;
But for luxurious cates thou do'ſt not care:
And when thou drink'ſt, it is pure vnmixt wine;
Not thoſe hot drinks that vnto luſt incline.
Thy heart did neuer feele th'vnlawfull flame,
Which hath drawne looſer wiues to publique ſhame:
Thou neuer lay'ſt on any am'rous bed;
But where thy husband had thy mayden-head;
And onely there for procreation,
And for thy Husbands recreation:
Thou art ſo zealous, godly, mercifull,
And with ſuch heauenly, goodly graces full;
That we may ſtile thee, The rich Chriſtian Palace,
Wherein the Holy Ghoſt doth take his ſolace.
Thy outward graces haue ſuch Excellence,
That all ſalute thee with graue reuerence:
Thy head is fraught with holy meditations;
Thy heart is fill'd with heau'nly conſolations;
Thy eares are open to the poores ſad cryes,
And from them thou doſt neuer turne thine eyes:
Thy hands are open to each godly deed,
And feet are ſwift, when of thy helpe there's need.
Thou art ſo faire, ſo vertuous, and ſo good;
Thou ſeem'ſt an Angell clad in fleſh, and blood.
Thou art ſo hanſome, proper, neat, and faire,
As if but yet thou a young maiden were:
(Sweet-heart beleeue) all honeſt men with me,

Are truly, heartily in loue with thee.
Thou often hast the Bible in thy hand,
And humbly pray'st, thou mayst it vnderstand;
And what with sober knowledge thou do'st reade,
Thou putt'st in practice, or into thy Creede.
Thou peereleſſe Paragon! thou past compare!
Such as thou art, I wish all women were.
Thou Extract of good women now adayes;
Thy worthines so farre exceeds my praise;
To write it, I doe want an Angels quill;
And I as much doe need an Angels skill.
If thou beest liuing, mayst thou neuer dye,
I humbly pray the blessed Trinity:
And that thou mayst in honour, health, and rest,
Liue in this World, and in the next be blest.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM